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HERE AND HEREAFTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. B. H

"The Eden we live in is our own heart."
"Heaven is no place."
It is the being good—the knowing God."—FESTUS.

"I've put my youth behind me,"
Said a comely dame one day;
"The roses red, the blossoms sweet,
The glistening eye, the springing feet
Of youth have passed away."

But I, who looked upon her
As something near divine,
Thought that I never yet had seen
A sweeter face, a gentler mien,
Where charms mature combine.

Yet 'twas not in the feature,
Nor sweetness of the face,
I found such charm; 'twas that I knew
That she was kind and good and true,
The purest of her race.

Where hearts were sore with sorrow
She came with deeds of love,
And through the mists of doubt and fear
She spake such words of hope and cheer
As turned their thoughts above.

The weak from her strong nature
Drew strength to struggle on
With patient faith and earnest trust,
Through blinding storms and clouds of dust,
Where her tried feet had gone.

She sought her wayward sisters
In many a loathsome place;
But her pure heart was never soiled,
Her shining robes were never spoiled,
By contact with the race.

She died—above her coffin
The surpliced churchman spread
His holy hands in deep lament,
That from no Church's bosom went
Our loved, our rev'renced dead.

I thought: Will the great Father,
Who knoweth every heart,
To such a one, who's drawn from sin
A score, His sheltering love within,
Send forth a stern Depart!

Because no creeds or dogmas
Her free-born thought had bound—
Because her faith had worked by love—
Would she less good, less worthy prove,
Or be less welcome found?

I cannot think that Being,
Who made and governs all,
Who the self-righteous churchman sees—
The penitent upon his knees—
Who marks the sparrow's fall,

Will count as worse than nothing
Each pure, unselfish deed
Of those who chance to stand outside
The line by which men dare divide
Such as refuse their creed.

IRENE:

THE

SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,
AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.
MISSING!

"Gone? Where in the name of Heaven has she gone? Who permitted her? When did she go?"

Charles Mason asked the questions of the matron of the boarding-school in the most rapid succession, and with the deepest earnestness and accusation. Business had accidentally brought him to the city, and his first thought was of Irene, and his first visit—to find her missing.

"I do not know where she has gone," answered the matron, bristling at the brusque manner of the address, and throwing herself instantly upon her reserved rights.

"You don't know! And, I presume, have done nothing to find out?"

"It was not my business, if she chose to run away."

"Was *driven* away, you mean."

"Besides, she had been guilty of a great outrage."

"What?"

A very highly-colored story was told against the missing girl, and then Mason asked permission to question the young ladies himself with regard to it. That was denied, with a great show of indignation.

"Then I do not believe a single word of what you have told me, madam. I know Irene well, and know she was driven to protect herself. That, however, does not matter now. When the proper time comes I shall have the affair sifted and made public. Now the first thing to be done is to find the lost child. When you permitted her to go out alone, a stranger, unprotected, in the darkness, you were guilty of a great crime. I should not have your conscience for all the wealth in the city."

"This to me, sir!" And she paled and flushed alternately, but determined to brazen it out.

"Yes; and if you were a queen, I should say the same. You know you are guilty, and would clear your skirts by bravado, if you could. But it cannot be done. The day of your reckoning will certainly come, if I live. Permit such an innocent and lovely child, one so inexperienced, to go, and in so heartless a manner!"

"You forget who I am—who you are, sir."

"Do I?" tauntingly.

"Yes. The difference in our positions in life is very widely marked."

"I thank Heaven it is. But" (and a light flashed upon him) "I suppose my poor Irene was insulted in the same manner."

"The young ladies refused to associate with her when they learned what she had been."

"Great Heaven! So low and so base! And in purity, beauty and talent she was the peer of all within these walls. And," he checked his swiftly-rising temper—"and—but it would do no good now. Why was she permitted to go until I was sent for? You knew my address—knew that I would come without delay."

"What could I do? She ran away before I had time to control her, if indeed I could have done so at all."

"A pretty story! When did she go?"

"Night before last."

"So long, and you have done nothing to find her?"

"I had thought of ——"

"Thought!"

Unable to longer control his own fiery temper, Mason dashed from her presence with a curse welling up from his heart. He would first find the wandering girl, and then, if there was any power in the land, would punish the miserable woman whose sordid soul had permitted a wrong, the result of which made him shudder even to anticipate.

A rapid but purposeless walk somewhat cooled his heated brain. He paused, sat down upon one of the benches in a park, and endeavored to think coherently and to the purpose. All the black pits that yawned at the feet of innocence confronted him—the dark and sullen river, the foul abductor, murder in a thousand shapes, deeds too infernal in their conception and working-out to be rightly named upon the statute-books—sins against which in the greater book of the Eternal might well have been written "UNPARDONABLE!"

And while he sat thus idly brooding over the what might have been—what might not be—what might be poor girl not even then be passing through? Might she not be dragging through the fires of an earthly hell, fainting, gasping, dying, or, driven by despairing horror, be letting out the pure heart's blood with her own fair but desperate and maddened hands?

Instantly a plan of action was formed in his mind and put in force. Strange that he had not sooner thought of it. The office of the Chief-of-police was near. He hastened to it, made known his trouble, but received little consolation. Even there sneers in place of sympathy were given for the peerless Irene.

"A girl run away? That's nothing uncommon. If you can find her lover, you will find her. We have something else to do besides hunting up every school-girl that elopes. But what better things could you expect of a circus-rider?"

The honest face of Mason burned with indignation. He staggered as if he had received a heavy blow. Every muscle of his body quivered with excitement and sense of outrage; his fingers worked convulsively, and opened and closed until the fist was as iron, and he could scarcely refrain from making the pompous man of the law feel its weight. But there was far too much at stake to permit anger, no matter how just its cause, to do the slightest thing that would militate against the object he had in view, and, controlling himself, he explained more fully.

"Sorry; but I don't see as I can do anything particular for you," was the still uninterested response.

"You certainly will call the attention of the officers to it, and instruct them to search for the missing child?"

"Yes; I suppose so. It's a bore, these run-away, love-sick affairs, and they never amount to anything."

"She had no lover."

"Not as *you* knew of."

"And it is your duty ——"

"Duty?" interrupted the great man, to whom was intrusted the keeping of the majesty of the law, in a rage—"duty? I don't thank you or anyone else to tell me what my duty is;" and he turned his back upon Mason, and left him to digest the rebuff and get satisfaction elsewhere, if he could.

A few moments' reflection decided him. As he could not be certain of receiving any material aid from the regular police department, he determined to enlist the private detectives—a very expensive proceeding, as he soon found. But he did not hesitate at the cost—would not as long as he had means to satisfy the demands.

Yet a day of search resulted in nothing of particular importance. Theories were plenty, but actual results nothing. Even those who were paid for labor and skill seemed to look upon the task as something in the light of a "wild goose chase."

"A girl trained as she has been, leading such a life, knows the ropes, and would be sure to do everything to throw dust in our eyes. She has run away with some lover; and, after a little time, you will find her in the ring again, all glitter and spangles."

"You are wrong, utterly wrong," answered Mason, struggling with his feelings; "and I am convinced she has met with some terrible fate. Perhaps"—and he grew ghastly white, and his voice trembled so with sorrow as to awake even the sympathy of the detective—"perhaps she has been murdered."

"I don't think so. If that had been the case, I should almost certainly have heard of it before this. Keep up good heart, my man. It will not turn out as bad as you anticipate. I don't fancy runaway matches myself, but you'll find that to be the end of this affair."

"And Irene might as well be dead!"

"Better, in most cases."

Mason waited until a late hour, hoping to hear some favorable report. None came—nothing had been learned. All was dark, all doubt, all fear. He turned to his hotel to seek the rest he was almost certain of not finding—to court the sleep that would flee from him or come in such distorted and horrible shapes that wakefulness, even under such circumstances, would be a blessing.

A portion of his way lay along a river-street—buildings upon one side and water upon the other—low buildings devoted to the lowest amusements, drinking, dancing, the haunts of sailors and the black waves of the river that were ever ready to swallow, cover up, hide from all earthly eyes foul deeds—the vortex in which was sunk many a crime that would never be known, never punished in this world save as conscience was at the same time accuser and headsman.

The rank surroundings, the atmosphere that seemed laden with guilt and reeking with murder, impressed him deeply. It flashed with lightning rapidity through his brain how very little money it would require to tempt red-handed assassination—how very little human life would weigh in the scale as against gold. And Irene, the pure, lost, beautiful Irene, must have had a considerable amount with her when the proud spirit resented the almost brutal insults, and she fled from the inhospitable roof of school. The reflection was near to madness. He drew his breath swiftly, ground his teeth, looked anxiously about, and then hastened on to a more secure locality. The flashing of lights, the voices of men breathing far more of profanity than anything else, caused him to suddenly pause. He saw them bearing along a limp object that had been fished up from the slime and ooze of the river—saw, and his heart stood still, his blood chilled within his veins, his limbs seemed to become as stone. It was the form of a young girl his strained eyes rested upon; and, as they came nearer, he could see the beautiful features, the perfection of the form outlined through the dripping clothing, the long, glorious hair, and he fell fainting to the muddy sidewalk, gasping the single word:

"Irene!"

CHAPTER V.
THE MIDNIGHT CRY!

There had been signs of storm all day; and when Irene rushed from the house where her young life had been tortured the clouds had gathered thickly, were tossing in wild confusion, large drops of rain were beginning to patter down, and a moonless, starless night was shrouding the city. Passion-tossed as she was, no thought had been given as to where she was going—what she would do. There had not been the slightest forecast—no reflection that she was a stranger to the streets, to the people—that there was not a single roof under which she had a right to claim shelter, that there was not a single familiar face, not one heart, that beat in friendly sympathy with her own. The impulse to get away from the hateful school was paramount to all others—overmastering, resistless. She had gathered a little bundle of clothing, placed her little store of money in it, and dashed beyond the portals, to go she knew not, cared not, whither. With the mad impulse that had at the first caused her to go forth, she dashed on down the street, unheeding all around. Then, as she became aware how steadily the rain was falling, she began to look about for some place of shelter, and to realize how very much better it would have been to restrain her temper—have written to her one friend—at least to have remained in safety until morning—began to understand what a little atom she was in a great world, a single, tiny grain of sand on the vast shores of time.

She paused and looked anxiously around. But, for all knowledge of where she was, she might as well have been in the middle of a desert, prairie or ocean. Nothing familiar met her eyes, nothing that gave her the least tangible idea of the locality. She walked on through the rain that was fast penetrating her clothing and chilling her, until she came to a little shed (erected over the material for a new building), and passed under it to rest and compose her thoughts.

The quasi shelter was already occupied. A woman, wrapped in an old, tattered cloak, and head covered with hood that concealed all but by the barest glimpse of her features, was there, smoking a short, black pipe, and seemingly contented. Irene glanced quickly and suspiciously at her, and then a slight sense of relief came to her troubled breast. It was one of her own sex, at all events, and, no matter how poor she might be, would prove a protection—from her years, would look feelingly upon her as a mother upon a daughter.

"Wal, me purty child," said the woman as she closely scrutinized Irene by the light of a neighboring street-lamp—"wal, me purty dear, it's late ye're out the dark night, and it's looking for somebody ye are?"

"No, I am flying from tyrants!" was the vindictive answer, all her wrongs flashing again to the surface.

"An' who would be afther hurtin' sich a beautiful face an' bright eyes, mavourneen? Shure, an' they moight as well be misusin' the blessed angels."

In the simplicity and innocence of her heart Irene sat down and told her story, interrupted now and then by maledictions and blessings in the same breath, as the moods of the listener changed.

"An' it's roight to run away, so it was, bad cess till them," said the old woman encouragingly; "an' it's niver bite or sup I'd take more under the roof ov sich wretches; may the Divil fly away wid them! Jest to think ov their abusin' the loikes ov yees, so young and purty! May the holy angels make your bed the noight! But ye have your clothes and money, an' can foind plenty of places an' friends, I'll be bound."

"Yes; I brought a few articles and what money I had."

"An' it's plinty. Heaven's blessin's be upon you, an' the curse ov Cromwell upon those that dhrove yees forth the noight!"

"I did not stop to count, but there must be nearly a hundred dollars."

"A hunderd dollars! And yees wanderin' alone!" and the woman drew her hand over her eyes, as if they were heavy with tears and her heart melting with sorrow.

"Do you think any harm can come to me?" asked Irene quickly and anxiously.

"Sorra a me knows. But it is a big, wicked city—a moighty wicked city!"

Irene looked in astonishment at the strange specimen of humanity before her. But there was little to be seen save a pair of small, sharp, twinkling, cunning eyes, and the tip of a red nose that to one acquainted with such matters would not have given very strong proof of strict temperance.

"Thrue for yees," continued the old woman, "an' harm may come till the loikes ov yees, an' it's findin' a place ye must be to pass the noight."

"The very thing I desire to do."

"An' as ye have no friends, an' they wouldn't be afther lettin' ye intil a hotel ——"

"Why not?" was asked in astonishment.

"Shure, it's foind out ye will. The Lord shower down vengeance upon them and mercy upon you, mavourneen. But it's no great mather, at all, at all. While Bridget Maguire has a thatch over her head, an' a bit ov wod to burn, an' bite or sup, the loikes of yees shall not be afther wantin'."

"Do you live here, and will you take me home and let me stay with you until morning? I am very tired and cold."

"Av coorse, darlin'."

"Come, then, let us go."

"You jest sthop where yees be for a minute. I'll run home jest, and see that everything is put to roights a bit, for it's not used me ould man and me an' the childers are to havin' sich quality visitors. But I'll be back again before ye knows I'm gone. It's not the loikes of you I'd be afther takin' home till it was made ready, and sich a leprachaun ov a thing, too."

Even while uttering the last words the woman disappeared. She had departed so suddenly, and was so quickly swallowed up by the darkness, that Irene could not have detained her had she attempted so to do. Nor could she follow. There was but a single chance in the multitude of her taking the right direction; and, should she not do so, she would be certain of missing the tender-hearted woman upon whom her safety for the night depended. So all she could do was to await her return. This she did. But even the most minute division of time seemed to have suddenly become stretched out into a thousand-fold its ordinary length—the seconds into hours, and the minutes into days. And at last she could remain quiet no longer. Her anxiety became too intense, and she was suffering from the damp and chill. She crawled to the little opening that served for door, and peered out into the dimly-lighted street. It was still raining, and she returned to her perch upon a work-bench, and endeavored to assume the patience she was very far from feeling. The minutes crept along as if loaded down with leaden fetters, yet still the woman came not back. She fancied something must have happened to detain her—at last, that she would not return at all, and resolved to seek some other place to pass the remainder of the night. She dared not remain where she was, exposed to the coming of anyone. With the money in her possession, with the power to tell her story, she could not fail in interesting some kind heart, and she groped around for her little bundle. It was gone!

Ah! then, and with what intense vividness, she remembered having seen her late companion with it in her hands, and she realized that she had been robbed and deserted, and for the first time the bravery of her nature melted in a flood of tears.

LYDIA THOMPSON,
(Leader of the Blonde Brigade) in her "Wonderful White Dress." See "Amusement Annals."

The sound of heavy footsteps aroused and alarmed her. She looked forth and saw some men reeling towards her, and could distinctly hear the few words and profanity issuing from their besotted lips. To remain where she was, to fall into their hands, was not to be thought of; and friendless, moneyless, without knowing whither she was going, she again dashed out into the night and storm. With swift limbs and wildly-beating heart and failing breath, she continued her way until she reached the river-street, dirty, noisy and dangerous. Momentarily bewildered by the glare of lights streaming from the windows of the low drinking-houses, she paused, uncertain whether to return or proceed. A man—at least, one "formed in the image"—accosted her. She shrank back from him in disgust and alarm, and when he would have drawn nearer ran rapidly from him—he following with curse-interlarded words that made her blood run cold. Unwittingly she ran upon the bridge that crossed the noisome stream, reached the centre of it, and then stood so suddenly and entirely motionless that she might have been mistaken for a statue.

A crowd of rude, half-inebriated men were coming from the opposite direction, and the brute-man who was following her called out to them to stop her.

"Aye, aye, shipmate," was answered back, and with but too hearty a good-will. "We have the little clipper on a lee-shore, and will soon run her aground."

There was no time for thought. Decision was forced upon her with lightning rapidity. She glanced backwards—forwards—an unuttered prayer was formed within her brain—a shriek of horror burst upon the murky air, and she sprang over the low railing and was buried in the dark waters.

That midnight cry of despair was all. The ooze and scum and muddy depths gave up nothing once clasped in their tenacious embrace until the gases formed by dissolution lifted it again to the surface. And then? The mockery of a coroner's jury and the universal verdict of "one more unfortunate."

CHAPTER VI.
THE RIVER-PIRATES.

A boat was pulling noiselessly up the stream, filled with plunder from various vessels—cordage, bolts, canvas, merchandise—for anything "was fish that came to their net." It was rowed by two men, clad in the ordinary garb of sailors, well worn and dirty. As they passed the light upon the bows of a schooner, enough of their faces was revealed for one to have decided that there was a wide difference in their ages, one being much the elder of the other, although the slouched "sou'wester" made recognition almost impossible under the most favorable circumstances. Strong, muscular men were they, as the ease with which they handled the heavy oars attested; weather-bronzed, accustomed to a daring and adventurous life, reckless, and not unwilling to take any chance that was likely to give them the means of spending freely on shore. True types of what are known to the police as "river-thieves" were they—men desperate, if driven into a corner, but content if unmolested, to quietly steal and slip away and hide under wharves and in low lodgings, squandering their hard-earned money for the most part in riotous dissipation. Yet it could not have been truly asserted that their hands were innocent of blood, and that more than one foul murder upon deck of vessel or in dimly-lighted cabin could not have been brought home to them, had the necessary means been employed. Outlaws upon the water, they nightly roamed and plundered and fought (if need be), and slunk out of sight before the light of morning, to but repeat the same routine with the next coming of darkness perchance be captured or shot, float away and at last be picked up a bloated corpse and thrust carelessly under ground; living, in fact, the precarious lives of water-rats, and dying the death of ownerless dogs.

But little was said between them. They pulled slowly on towards their destination, where booty and plunder could be hidden, scarcely making a ripple on the surface. But suddenly they rested on their oars, and the elder broke the silence with:

"Another stiff will be found in the morning, Tom. I know that cry of old. Some girl has jumped from the bridge. Many's the night I've been frightened half to death by seeing their cold, white faces rise up from the water."

"Well, it's no business of ours, and they are better off," was the unconcerned comment of his comrade.

"I don't know about that. I sometimes think —— What in the name of Heaven is that, Tom?"

He waited not for a reply, but, shipping his oar, snatched up a slender pike-pole, and instantly had drawn to the side of the boat and lifted into it a frail, limp form, laying it down upon a seat in the unoccupied space amidships. Then he drew the slide of a dark-lantern, and flashed the light upon the waif of the river he had captured, and said with something like reverence coloring his ordinarily rude speech:

"A beauty, and alive!"

"And likely to get us into trouble. But pull ahead."

The order was obeyed, and very shortly the boat was run under a low wharf, driven back, as it were, into the very earth, where a chamber had been scooped out—a sort of receiving-vault, where captured goods could be stored until they could be disposed of.

"You look to the swag," said the elder man. "I'll take this girl up to my old woman, and see what can be done for her."

Without waiting to hear the grumbled objections of his companion, he pushed aside a plank, climbed an apology for a ladder to the top of the wharf, and disappeared up the street, bearing the dripping and scarcely alive burden in his arms. His home was not far distant. He pushed open the door without ceremony and entered. It was a long, low, dingy and far from attractive apartment. The chilly night had caused a little fire to be builded upon the hearth, and the embers were still burning. A few broken chairs, a table covered with unmatched dishes, and a bed in the extreme end comprised the inventory of the furniture. Upon the latter a woman had thrown herself without undressing, and the fumes of her breath and a half-emptied bottle by her side attested the want of total abstinence and the prime cause of her heavy slumber.

"Get up, Mag," shouted the man. "Here's work for you to do. By thunder! she's drunk again."

He dragged her ruthlessly to the floor, smoothed the rumpled bed with his unoccupied hand, laid his burden upon it, and then raised the woman to her feet, and shook her into something of wakefulness.

"What now? What do you want? Can't you let a body sleep a minute?" she growled, rubbing her red eyes and groping around for her bottle.

He kicked it away, and, exerting his strength upon her until she trembled as one with the ague, continued:

"Wake up, and let your Devil's broth alone. Get a light. Here's a poor girl I picked up in the river, half-drowned, and wants care."

"You're always doing some foolish thing or another, and your tender heart will be the death of you some day."

"Well, yours won't," he laughed. "But do as I tell you, and be quick about it."

Termigant as she was, she knew it would not do to attempt to carry matters with too high a hand when he firmly asserted his authority. Lighting a miserable tallow-candle, she half staggered to the bedside, and instantly, degraded to almost the lowest depths though she was, became somewhat interested.

"Where did you find the pretty young thing?" she questioned.

"In the river, as I told you. Is she alive?"

The foundling answered for herself. She opened her eyes, stared wildly around for a moment, and then faintly gasped:

"Where am I?"

"Safe enough," answered the man heartily and kindly; and, though well realizing she had attempted her own life, he ignored the fact and proceeded: "You had a fit, or something of the kind, and fell into the water, and I happened to come along and fish you out—that's all."

"I see—I know. May Heaven have mercy upon me! Rude, drunken men chased me—would have captured, perhaps murdered me—and I sprang over the bridge to escape them," and she shuddered convulsively.

"Well, well," assuringly, "they can't do you any harm here. We'll take care of you and nurse you up. Mag, don't you see how cold the poor child is? Get some blankets and cover her up, and give her something warm."

Covering was speedily supplied—fine in texture and costly, and that had failed to be accounted for in the schedule of some ocean steamer. Then the woman hunted for and found the bottle, stirred up the fire, warmed water in a tin cup, and with the addition of a little sugar compounded a medicine that was her sovereign cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to.

"Drink this, deary," she said as she held the glass to the white and trembling lips. "It will do you good."

The girl obediently swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then thrust it from her with disgust. The spirits was vile, and her stomach would then have revolted even at the best.

"You don't like it?" sneered the woman. "You don't know what is good," and she swallowed the remainder at a gulp, and with the most evident relish.

"You ought to know better than to give such stuff to a child like her," broke in the man impatiently. "But I believe you were weaned on it, Mag. Get some tea, and be quick about it."

"Such cat-lap is only good for babies," was retorted, as she turned away to prepare the desired article.

That the suffering girl drank without scruple, and, having become assured of safety—being worn out and sick by the conflicting feelings that had beset her, and her cold bath—she soon fell into a gentle slumber that lasted until she was awakened by loud talking, interlarded with oaths that again awakened her fears.

The younger man of the boat had entered while she was slumbering—had gazed upon her beautiful face, and instantly asserted his right to the prize. This was disputed by his elder and less passionate companion.

"If it had not been for me," he said, "she would have sunk into the mud at the bottom of the river, for all you cared, and without your raising a finger."

The swarthy brow of Tom became sensibly darker at this home-thrust, his voice more harsh, and his purpose more clearly defined.

"You can talk as mealy-mouthed as you please," he replied, "but I will have the girl all the same. I have no wife or home, and I'm not going to lose this chance to get both."

"You wretch!" exclaimed the girl, forgetting her recent suffering in the new danger, as she sprang to the floor with all her former vigor and passion, "you miserable, low-born wretch, before I would become your wife I would plunge a dagger into my heart!"

"Ha! quite an actress. Why, Dick, it is the girl there was so much fuss made about in the circus a little while ago. I thought I knew her face the minute I clapped my eyes on it." Then, turning to the outraged Irene, he continued: "A pretty thing you are to set yourself above others and call names!"

The girl became mad with passion. She sprang forward and struck the man with her little fist full in the face, and it was well for his life that she was weaponless. And it would have been better had she taken no notice of the insult hidden beneath his words. As it was, she simply placed herself within his power, and, clasping her hands, he held her beyond the possibility of escape.

"So, my young tiger-cat," he said, laughing at her furious efforts for freedom, "you think you can put on airs, and that, too, after having become so bad and desperate that you threw yourself into the river. Come, kiss me, and let's make up friends. There are worse men on the water than Black Tom, and I'll keep you like a lady."

As the full horror of the proposed situation came to her, Irene had ceased her struggles, and would have fallen unnerved to the floor had he not sustained her. To do this it was necessary for him to release one of her hands, and she was not slow to take advantage of it. Bent over as he stood, the bosom of his heavy shirt partially opened and revealed a pistol in an inner pocket. To snatch it forth and fire was instantaneous thought and action, and with a sound between a curse and a moan the man fell heavily to the floor, while the old hag of a woman exclaimed, though more in surprise than in sorrow:

"Lord! she has murdered him!"

Irene believed the same, and stood fixed with a ghastly horror at the bare possibility of having shed human blood. Familiar with the use of such a weapon in her former life, there had been no hesitancy or mistake in its use, and the blood that welled from a wound in the temple and spread in trickling streams over the face was proof positive that she had not used it in vain.

"Mercy! horror!" she exclaimed, looking down upon her bleeding victim for a moment. "I did not intend to kill him—did not know what I was doing! I only ——"

The old man kindly picked up the fainted form and laid it with almost parental tenderness upon the bed, directed his wife to give all necessary attention, made a hurried examination of the man lying stretched rigid upon the floor, murmured with a touch of sorrow that he would never "handle oar or tend sheets again," and then hastened from the apartment, leaving flickering life and sudden death and affrighted drunkenness alone.

But all were mistaken as to the effect of the shot. Though the bullet had plowed a ghastly furrow, and the blood followed until the victim was a sickening sight, yet no vital spot had been reached, and Black Tom of the river would live to still pursue his dark and dangerous calling. Heavily stunned, he lay motionless for a time. Then nervous twitchings might have been noticed about the lips and in the eyelids and brawny limbs, and a faint sigh escaped from the laboring breast. He opened his eyes, wiped with a mechanical motion the blood-drops away from them, and muttered hoarsely and insanely. The woman (whose dashes of cold water and chafing of hands had partially restored Irene to consciousness) started as if one of the ghosts she so much dreaded, and with which her overstimulated brain was ever crowded, had suddenly appeared. She had fully believed him dead, and could not for a little time convince herself that it was otherwise than the departed spirit returning to henceforward dog them as a spectral shadow. But soon she recovered, and, going to the trembling man, steeped a cloth in the liquor from the bottle, and bathed the wound. The smart of the spirits did more, perhaps, towards recalling him to himself than anything else could have done, and a curse took the place of incoherent mutterings.

"Where is the young she-devil that tried to kill me?" he asked, as he braced himself in a half-upright position, and glared around with every evil passion of his black nature rising to the surface.

"Lie still, Tom, and let me dress your head," pleaded the woman, who knew by bitter experience his fearful temper, and dreaded it. "Lie still."

"Give me a drink. My throat is burning, and my very heart's afire. Curse that girl! How my head snaps! But I'll make her pay for this."

The draught he had requested was furnished, as refusal would have been dangerous, the nurse hoping it might lull him into slumber—at least until the return of her husband. But the contrary was the result. It acted like magic upon the already disordered brain—was as a match to gunpowder—kindled passionate revenge to a white heat. He sprang to his feet as light as if unwounded, almost brutally dashed aside the woman who clung to and would have restrained him, and, drawing a knife from his belt, rushed to the bed, vowing the most deep and dire vengeance.

Alas! for poor, unfriended, helpless Irene. She saw the half-insane, wholly maddened man bending over her, felt the clutching of an iron hand upon her delicate throat, saw the gleaming of a keen-edged and sharp-pointed knife descending towards her heart, and then all was darkness!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A RASH AMBITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Young Dumpling Both was a waiter
Who ordered the "buckwheat brown,"
And juggled the boiled "pertater"
In a restaurant uptown.

But his look was not one of gladness
As he handed the "bill of fare,"
And his voice had a ring of sadness
As it shouted for "Roast-beef rare."

He hated the clash of dishes
And the odor of "mutton-stew,"
For one of his fondest wishes
Was to "play" as the actors do.

The fire of a high ambition
Shone out from his very soul,
And his voice, as he ordered fish in,
Had a most dramatic roll!

But daily his hopes grew finer,
His wishes were still as naught,
When he gained from a Thespian diner
The chance that he long had sought

"To act." They at last arranged it,
Though truly the part was slight;
But our hero would not have changed it,
For it pointed to prospects bright.

The gist of this stage transaction
Was, when addressed by the "star,
To use "appropriate action,"
And utter the words "Ha, ha!"

'Twas night, and the play proceeded;
All there did their best to please;
While our hero, but little heeded,
Was terribly ill at ease.

At length, when his "lines" were spoken
(Alas! through his manly nose),
The silence "in front" was broken,
And a murmur of "Supe!" arose.

All else but his late profession
Flew from his bewildered mind;
And, with horrible self-possession,
He answered them back: "*What kind?*"

With many a sigh and shiver
He flew from the dreadful din,
And, seeking the nearest river,
He quietly tumbled in.

And now there's another waiter
Who orders the "buckwheat brown,"
And juggles the boiled "pertater"
In that restaurant uptown!

SPANGLE.

PETITE COMEDIES
OF CONTEMPORANEOUS INTEREST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"THE FLEETING SHOW."

CIRCUS AGENT.—So, we make a trip Down East next season? Glad to hear it. How many stands do we make in Rhode Island?

MANAGER.—Rhode Island! I was telling you that I was going to run a big show next season—there won't be room enough in the State to pitch the tent.

AGENT.—Oh, yes: I see—show in Massachusetts, and advertise all Rhode Island. Good idea.

THE LANDLORD.

(Office of the hotel. Proprietor and Agent of "The Goliath Consternation" arranging a contract.)

LANDLORD.—That is the best I can do, I assure you. I must keep good rooms for the company, and you know I always set a good table—all the delicacies of the season.

(*Contracts are signed. Two weeks later, arrival of the company.*)

LANDLORD (*to clerk*).—Put all the musicians in one room in the attic, and balance of the troupe on the floor.

(*Dinner-hour.*—LANDLORD *discovered giving instructions to head-waiter.*)

LANDLORD.—Tell the showmen that chicken is all out. No pudding.

BOX.

PATRON OF THE THEATRE.—What makes the piece draw so well?

MAN IN THE BOX-OFFICE.—So many artists in the cast.

R. R.

(*At the door of the show.*)

BRAKEMAN.—Say, do you pass us railroaders? We always pass you showmen on the Pan-handle.

DOORKEEPER.—Yes, I know you do. But conductor put us off of one train, and you passed us" as we were walking into town.

SAWDUST.

(*At circus-entrance in the lumber country.*)

GAWK (*to doorkeeper*).—This orter be a good place for a circus show.

DOORKEEPER (*sententious on account of bad business*).—Why?

GAWK.—Because sawdust is so cheap.

SHARP!

(In the greenroom.)

FIRST OLD WOMAN (*addressing gauze* STAR).—Wrap yourself up well, darling, if you are going out in the cold.

LOW COMEDY WRETCH (*aside*).—She's got her paint on; she won't catch cold.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

(*On the stage.*)

LOVER.—Come, let me sip the nectar from thy sweet lips, and, like the honey-bee, hang thereon.

(*Aside.*) Phew, onions!

SHE.—Sweet love, my life, my love. (*Aside.*) Gin tobacco and cloves.

"STAR OF THE EVENING."

(*In the box-office.*)

STAR.—I was not called out last night, I must be called before the curtain every act. Pray, see that the ushers attend to their duties hereafter.

MANAGER.—Your request shall be attended to.

PLAY.

(*In the box-office.*)

MANAGER OF THE THEATRE (*himself a playwright*).—Your play is accepted.

IMPECUNIOUS AUTHOR (*overjoyed*).—I am glad to hear it.

MANAGER.—I will produce it on the terms proposed, provided I am announced as the author.

OPINIONS.

(*Over their beer.*)

JOEY.—Forrest and Kean were great actors, sir.*

ACROBAT.—Yes, sir; we's proud of 'em in the perfession. Forrest threw a good flip-flap, and Kean was a close bender in a contortion act.

PAYING AND CHOOSING.

(*In the orchestra-chairs.*)

FIRST PERSON (*very much bored*).—Oh, dear, what a stupid play!

SECOND PERSON (*who has traveled*).—If we were in China, we would fee the manager to change the bill.†

WORDS.

QUEEN OF THE AIR (*coming off stage*).—What do you think of that for a feat?

STAGE-MANAGER (*looking at her pedal extremities*).—Biggest feet I ever saw.

HARD TIMES.

MR. HARDUP (*an actor just returned from Rondout*).—Good-morning, old fellow. How are you getting along these hard times? I find it impossible to make both ends meet.

CONTORTIONIST.—That's no trouble—it's all practice.

RELATIONS.

(*In the drawing-room. Exit callers.*)

MISS STELLA (MISS STELLA *in the bills of the play, but* MRS. BROWN ROBINSON *in reality*).—How many times have I told you not to call me mamma in company? Won't you remember that I am your aunt before folks? I would't have anyone know that I was the mother of a great girl like you for the world.

MISS OF SIXTEEN.—Auntie, can I speak to mamma now?

QUESTIONS.

(*In the circus dressing-room.*)

RINGMASTER.—Why don't you tell some new jokes, and not the same old Joe Millers year after year?

CLOWN.—Do you want me to disappoint the audience?

CONCEIT.

(*On the stage. Ham Brothers in the midst of an act of "lengthened sweetness long drawn out."*)

HAM 1.—We are killing them dead.

HAM 2.—Hagging them.

BOTH.—We are grabbing ground.

AUDIENCE.—Will they ever go off?

STAGE-MANAGER (*frantic*).—Come off! come off!

HAM 1.—Don't notice him—he's trying to crush us.

(*Scene closes in, and* HAM BROTHERS *are invited to call at the box-office, and get a week's salary.*)

N. B.—They don't go on again.

LOVE IN THE AIR.

(*Signor Strong and Mlle. Fair on the trapeze, the latter hanging head down, the former suspending her by the footlock.*)

SIGNOR.—Do you love me better than anyone in the world? Will you marry me?

MLLE.—No.

SIGNOR.—If you do not say yes I'll drop you into the orchestra.

MLLE.—Y-e-s-s.

* Kean and Forrest both "smelt the sawdust." Kean as a contortionist and Forrest as an acrobat.

† Visitors to a Chinese theatre can, for a certain sum, secure a change of bill. It is said that in a majority of cases the doubly-paying patron selects the worst piece in the repertory for production; which goes to show that in China, at least, the manager prefers to pronounce the piece creditable drama, while his patron hankers after the lowest, the disreputable, and the obnoxious.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

CLUB-ROOM, Pawtucket.—1. We said it not as you say it. A straight is not a poker hand unless agreed upon as such, and any pair will beat it. When straights are allowed in the game by agreement they are much oftener, take the country over, played to beat two pair than three of a kind. 2. We decided these little matters before there was any "American Hoyle" or "Schedgick's Rules," in its more recent editions "American Hoyle," which is constantly undergoing change, admits that straights are valueless unless agreed upon before beginning play; and but for a London friend of his who did not know how to play poker. The idea of making a straight beat only two pair is to separate it from another irregular poker-hand, viz., a flush. A flush is never played except to beat three of a kind; and "American Hoyle," in interpolating as a new rule that a straight, when played, shall beat three of a kind, has exposed it as an innovation by omitting to say which of the two hands that, according to itself, will beat three of a kind, will beat each other. It does not tell us whether the flush will beat the straight, or the straight the flush. Fortunately, we knew before there was any "American Hoyle." Look at the order in which hands are given in that work, and you will find them, even now—one pair, two pair, straight, triple, flush, full hand, four of a kind. That is the order in which they were printed before the innovation was made—before the words "a straight will beat triples" were inserted without warning to poker-players. C. W., New Orleans.—We would advise you to study under a competent teacher, to enable you to form your voice, as it evidently lacks cultivation. To strengthen it careful treatment is required under proper advice, the largely-advertised gargles, lozenges, etc., generally doing more harm than good. A teacher of experience, of whom your city must have a number, will be your best guide. Many valuable hints on the production and management of the singing voice are contained in a work by Dr. Lennox Browne of London, Eng., published by Charles A. Co.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The four-oared crew composed of James, John and Barney Biglin and Denny Leary beat the Twilight crew of Pittsburg at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1864, and defeated the Stranger crew of the last named place for the championship and $6,000, same place, July 18, 1865. Leary and Jim Biglin were not in the crew when the championship was won from the Empire City representatives by the Ward Brothers at Long Branch, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1866. We haven't space to enumerate the many victories won by the old crew.

ANTIOCH.—The song "When Dinah Blows the Horn," or "Don't Get Weary," was first sung by Morrisey of Emerson and Morrisey at the Boylston Museum, Boston, in 1876. It was given to him in manuscript by a Boston gentleman named McLean, who claimed to have written it. That is, with the exception of the refrain "When I'm Gone—We Will Miss You," which was added to it by Morrisey, and sung with the assistance of an invisible chorus behind the scenes. It is not published.

CAPTAIN OF THE NINE, Beverly, N. J.—"Sec. 8 of Rule 6 says: 'When three balls have been called by the umpire, the batsman shall take one base, provided he run to it without being put out.' Should there not be a comma after the word 'run,' to give it the intended meaning?"—The meaning is that he shall take a base on three balls whether he be decided out from walking to the base, instead of going there on the run.

B. S., Old Washington Club, Brooklyn.—[B is elected by a plurality. He is fifty-one votes short of a majority. 2. The words "carried" and "won" will make no difference, so long as the word "majority" is retained. "Majority" in itself means more than half of the whole; "a majority over the next highest" is different, and may number above 10 will make 9 winner.

OXON, Montreal.—The rules governing betting on boat-races require, in case of a dead heat between the contestants, that the race not being rowed over), that the money be put together and divided in the same proportion as the main stakes; or, if the race is no for same, in equal proportions. If a bet be made on one of the boats to win a dead heat against one that was beaten in the race, the backer of the former wins half his bet.

RACING, Montreal.—1. A professional is one who has competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for public or admission money, or with professionals for a prize or money; or who has, at any period of his life, been assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of his livelihood. 2. It bars him from running as an amateur.

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—1. No; J. W. Collier retired from the stage voluntarily to engage in other business. 2. Miss Fanny Davenport was born in London, Eng., and consequently may be considered an Englishwoman. Her father was an actor before he married her mother. 3. The Boston (Mass.) Theatre was first opened Sept. 11, 1854.

J. F., Montreal.—William Cobbett died in June, 1835, and was buried in Farnham, Eng., where he was born. We cannot positively say what his religious faith was at the last. Notwithstanding that he favored Catholic emancipation, and gave a Catholic bias to his Protestant History of the Reformation," we think he was always a Protestant.

T. D.—1. Thanks. Will endeavor to utilize the Harper ball, and shall return both. 2. It is our aim to be posted. Those girls are quite familiar to us. They starred in this country, from end to end, prior to 1850, and afterwards became operatic vocalists. Agree that the name of the one you have mistaken for Matilda, and the other has since become noted as Fannie Natalie.

A. CARDOZA.—The Thames Regatta in 1857 took place Aug. 5, 6, but THE CLIPPER published only an account of the four-oared races. We think the regatta to which you refer was held July 7, 8, but that year, but no report of it appeared in this paper. We do not file *Bell's Life*. You might write to the office of that journal, 170 Strand, London, Eng.

BLUFF, Boston.—The number of shakes should be agreed upon. "Bluff" should consist of one shake, with another for a "draw," if the shaker does not care to stand "pat" on his first throw. It should never consist of three throws, though by agreement it sometimes does. Finally, bartenders should defer, as far as prudence will permit, to the wishes of their customers.

T. L., Corry.—No one can tell you the present population of those cities. As to the largest clothing house and the largest dining room in the United States, it would be difficult to answer. You may mean either area covered, or amount of business. 3. Just now, there are nine regular theatres in operation in this city.

HUNKY DORI.—A and C, if they are fair minded, will dispose of their tie at once. If not, B can hold them to the rules, making their game determinative of their tie. If C in that game beats A the latter will have the drinks; if A beats C and beats B in that game, then see answer to "Shaker."

H. J. N., Madison.—1. The crotch is defined variously by various codes of rules. The primitive or original crotch is that in which the two object balls lie transversely to the race, and actually cover. 2. There is nothing promising in that feat performed by one of his years on the small tables now in vogue.

TUBA-PLAYER.—1. Insert a card making yourself known to circus managers. 2, 3, 4. The salaries of performers vary according to the show, ranging from $12 per week upwards, exclusive of board and traveling expenses, the leading performer getting a higher rate from about double the amount before named.

D. M. A., Chicago.—1. Send 25 cents to Ed. James, as per his advertisement, and he will send you a photograph. 2. The remains of J. Wilkes Booth were some years ago delivered to his relatives, and by them fully identified, and were buried in the cemetery in Baltimore beside those of his father.

ADA RICHMOND, Jackson, Mich.—There is a vocalist on the variety stage who spells her name *Adah* Richmond. It will most likely lead to confusion, and, as she has been before the public many years, would it not be well for you to change your name by the addition of a middle initial, or in some other way, to prevent confusion?

B. S., Old Washington Club, Brooklyn.—[B is elected by a plurality. He is fifty-one votes short of a majority. The words "carried" and "won" will make no difference, so long as the word "majority" is retained. "Majority over the next highest" is different, and may number above 10 will make 9 winner.

KLONDYKE.—"A King Was All She Gave Me," "Murphy's Back," "Hath Mercy," "The Past," "The Toad and the Fly," "Down Among the Yellow Corn," "The Little Old Log Cabin," "Good Bye."

F. Ha, Dorchester.—Cool Burgess is said to have received $250 per week, while the person you name received only $150. The premium on gold had nothing to do with it. Each was paid in the circulating currency where he performed.

QUERY.—1. There can be no trump on that deal, except by agreement of all parties. There must be a new deal otherwise. 2. B with an ace from his hand can build it nine, and can make it nines by adding a nine from the table.

MACK, Springfield.—1. It is the same work, and can be obtained from S. D. Bruce, 23 Park row, this city; price 50 cents. 2. O'Brien is dead; Maguire still resides in the Fourteenth Ward; address a letter addressed to the Tombs, this city, will reach Daly.

H. C., Galesburg.—1. Performers must find their own absolutely necessary. Many performers sing by ear. 3. Salary would depend entirely upon your ability and reputation—say from $20 to $50 per week.

NO SIGNATURE.—It is barely possible, but an hour devoted to the search has failed to unearth it. 2. Your opponent can prevent your playing with the ball, or he can play you play with it, and can then reverse the positions of the two white balls.

VIRGINIA CITY.—1. The rule is the same in either match or main fighting, viz., give or take two cocks, except in the case of blinkers fighting against two-eyed cocks, when from three to five ounces are allowed. 2. No. 3. The answer was correct.

W. H.—The population of Berlin in 1875 was 964,775; of New York City in 1870, 1,046,037. The yearly increase of late has been say 34,000 for Berlin and 24,000 for New York, which would still leave M. the winner with a handsome margin.

OLD UPERITE.—A is entitled to nothing, and B to all times with his seven cards, he *might* have won with the odd one and have said nothing about the misdeal, which latter must be settled before cards are played.

E. R. H., Jackson.—1. He can call out on the sweep. 2. It is unusual to play eleven up at cassino, and is called playing in hands. The cards are then played out, and he wins who has the majority of points, whether the whole number is eleven or (with sweeps) more.

A. T., Owego.—1. Sol Smith died in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 14, 1869. 2. Paper is out of print. 2. Only one son—Sol Smith—is at present on the stage. 3. Such information will be thankfully received. 4. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rouse are in the West Indies.

P. M. W., London.—The bet stands, under the rules of boat racing, awaiting the possible rowing over of the race. Should that not occur, the bet will be a draw. As rowing over is impossible, better agree to draw now.

L., Evansville.—It is difficult to say at present who are the owners of Howes' Great London Circus, owing to litigation in the courts and the bankruptcy of one of the former owners.

J. C.—When the Theatre Comique, in this city, opened for the season of 1871-2, on Oct. 16, Connors and Bradley performed a song and dance, and subsequently quite frequently.

D. W.—1. Mary Gannon died in this city Feb. 22, 1868. 2. Booth's Theatre, New York, was first opened Feb. 3, 1869.

L. D., Richmond.—We do not know his whereabouts; but we have advertised your postal-card in our letter-list, which may attract his attention.

SEYMOUR, Rochester.—We are we to do such a thing, they would read us out of church—New York has so greatly improved in morality of late years.

N. V., Grand Rapids.—1. Was "Mace Sloper" for "Hans Breitmann," latter not being exactly a *nom de plume*. 2. Letters I, J and K knocked into *pi*.

T. J. F., Boston.—Your subscription, after allowing extension according to announcement, will expire with No. 3, Vol. 28.

CHARLEY DILLON.—1. About 15 years old. 2. There is such a letter in our care. 3. Watch our dramatic summary.

C. T. B., Boston.—Such torches can be made of soft pine wood, painted black, and then saturated with spirits of turpentine.

O. O., Wheeling.—1. We presume that at least some of the wires are designed to be permanent. 2. 2,291 acres in Fairmount Park.

NO SIGNATURE.—The money should be divided equally between A and B, in case the race is not rowed over. C is out of the case

President, P. Hallihan; vice-president, W. in; secretary, W. Driscoll; treasurer, A. Sullivan; directors—J. Cullanane, C. O'Brien, J. Coughlin, J. Dorgan, and M. Tobin.

THE NAHANT (MASS.) YACHT CLUB is officered as follows: Commodore, T. Daland; vice-commodore, Arthur Burgess; secretary and treasurer, J. P. Hawes Jr.; fleet-captain, H. Bryant; measurer, H. G. Hall.

J. C. G. MEEKER, who had the New York crew in hand during the season of '76, will be specially interested in the movements of Fred Plaisted and associates this year.

THE RING.

WILLIAM McCLELLAN'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.

Edwards and McClellan Meet Again.

Although the notice given the public was very brief, the appetite of the admirers of boxing was so sharply whetted by the furious encounter between Billy Edwards and Bill McClellan at the Hippodrome a week previously, that Kelly & Leon's pretty little minstrel hall, on West Twenty-third street, this city, was filled on Thursday evening, March 29, when the latter took a benefit and again encountered the light-weight champion. It was a very respectable assembly, too, made up largely of professional gentlemen, merchants, clerks, and others who could afford to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for the gratification of seeing Billy and Mac "bore holes" through each other; but, though the heroes of the night were, probably, quite willing to accommodate the expectant assembly with a display of "slaughtering" abilities, the unwelcome advent of grim-visaged Captain Williams, with a squad of ununiformed police at his heels, effectively dampened their ardor, and had a material bearing on the character of the set-to. That the interference by this great mogul of the Twenty-ninth Precinct was far from relished by the six or seven hundred orderly disposed persons present was manifest from the remarks heard on all sides; but that didn't alter matters a bit; the stalwart, meddlesome myrmidon of the law had come for a purpose, and he proposed to stick.

To those of the spectators who had enjoyed the mirth-making performances of the minstrel bands who have there added wealth to the button-makers, the auditorium presented a strange appearance, not only because of the entire absence of everything bearing a semblance to femininity, but from the clouds of tobacco-smoke—a seemingly necessary adjunct to such entertainments—which rose on every side, and, mingling together, thickened the atmosphere until the moving figures on the stage were but indistinctly discernible to those in the rear. Seated among the spectators, as is not his wont, was the ancient and honorable high-cockalorum of the Order of Druids, and Master of Ceremonies for nigh three decades, Uncle Bill Tovey, whose occupation was for the nonce gone, William Miller the wrestler and boxer having been engaged to discharge the duties of the position which the veteran has for so many years ably filled; we must in this connection here to compliment the Professor upon the grace with which he performed a part which is rather new to him. There was considerable delay in beginning the evening's entertainment—a result of the tardiness of many of the spectators—in taking their seats; but, after the crowd had prayed their impatience by testing the strength of their lungs and hammering the floor with their heels, and the grand orchestra had discoursed several melodies, sweet and otherwise, up rolled the curtain.

The first couple to put themselves in posish were Alf Saunders and "Tom Collins," who opened the show in good style, Saunders appearing to the better advantage, though his stoutly-built and shorter opponent took the more exercise—arms, legs and body on the go continually. They were succeeded by Gould and Young Billy Dear round, put an end to it. Neither had any reason to crow over the other in the last two rounds; but, taken as a whole, Edwards had somewhat the better of a set-to which was much tamer than these men can and would like to make; still it was decidedly more satisfactory than their previous meeting.

FROM THE WEST.—Pete Lawler, the light-weight who gave Jack Askews, a fifteen pound heavier man, a thrashing at the Five-mile House, near Virginia City, Nevada, Dec. 7 last, arrived in the metropolis a few days ago. In the battle mentioned Lawler scaled 130lb, and the Cornishman 142lb, and 64 rounds were fought in an hour and ten minutes, but Pete is said to have had his man dead beat long before the referee called a halt. The winner was waited upon by Tom Daly and Jo Farnsworth, and the loser by Bing Williams and Tom Kane. About eight hundred persons witnessed the mill. After the return of the excursionists to town the authorities took a hand in, arresting both men and placing them under bonds for trial. On Dec. 17 Lawler had a rippling benefit at the Alhambra Theatre, where he boxed Andrews—Jim Mace and others also appearing—and subsequently, by the advice of friends, Pete made himself scarce in "them diggings," remaining in a secure place for a few weeks, and then setting sail for this haven. He informs us that everything has since been settled, and he proposes to return to Virginia City ere long; but before going he will probably take a benefit at Harry Hill's, upon which occasion we shall have an opportunity to see what kind of material Western light-weights are made of.

SPORT AT HILL'S.—Something out of the ordinary run of things, in the shape of a Friday matinée at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre, transpired March 30; but the lad supposed to reap the pecuniary benefit thereof, Joe Ryan, wasn't greatly enriched by it, owing to the very light attendance of his customers. After the male and female performers composing Harry's variety band (the main feature of which is the performance of "The Alabama Minstrels") had gone through their business, boxing-matches were in order, and were participated in by Jimmy Kelly and "The Mouse," Punch Morris and Bill Furlong, Jack Gallagher and Tommy Drohan (the club-swinger, who made John look alive throughout the three rounds), and a couple of greenhorns at this style of thing, named Mat Upton and Jack Boyd. Joe Ryan then undertook to toss Frank Maguire, a Green Mountain boy, and no slouch at square-hold wrestling; but the latter opened Joseph's eyes rather widely by laying him upon his back in just four minutes from the moment of taking hold, a well-executed backheel doing the business for him. They came together again after a short rest, and seven minutes later Maguire fastened an outside toelock on his man, and twisted him to the floor.

EFFORT TO SECURE GOSS' PARDON.—We learn from a paragraph in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* of March 30 that a petition asking Governor McCreary of Kentucky, to pardon Joe Goss has been quite extensively circulated in Burlington during the Terrell trial, and has been very generally signed by the prominent men there present. Here are a few of the names: Hon. Thos. L. Jones, D. S. Hounshell, U. C. White, R. Richardson, J. J. Macklin, W. L. Grant, W. S. Stone, L. D. Cronin-ger, C. C. Scales, B. M. Platt, S. B. Patterson, S. S. Scott, Judge P. U. Major, A. B. Parker, A. G. Winston, L. H. Dills, C. G. Terrell and Samuel Cowen. The petition will be forwarded to Frankford this week, and it is to be hoped that His Excellency will view it with a favorable eye. Goss has made hosts of friends by his gentlemanly deportment since his incarceration, and they would be pleased to see him freed.

EPH HOLLAND was arrested at Cincinnati, O., on March 26, by Detectives Francis and Reed, on a requisition from the Governor of Kentucky, an indictment having been found against him for participation in the Goss-Allen mill in Kenton County. He was taken to Covington, but remained only a short time on Kentucky's inhospitable soil, as Thos. Bodkins of Newport gave bond in $1,000 for Holland's appearance at the June term of the Kenton Criminal Court.

THE GOSS FUND.—On Friday, March 23, we were waited upon by Ned Mallahan, who left a contribution of fifteen dollars, to be applied to the subscription fund for the release of Joe Goss—a fund which ought to have been made up long ago. Mallahan will also assist at a benefit for him.

RED-HANDED MIKE and Bill Savage gave a joint exhibition at King's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., March 23. Among those announced to appear were Patsy Hogan and Leonard Tracy, the latter of whom fought and defeated Alex. Brown near Canarsie, L. I., Jan. 15, 1876.

WITHDRAWN.—Patsey Cullen, not being willing to make a milling match upon the basis proposed by John Rogers, the deposit staked by the latter's backer has been withdrawn, much to Rogers' regret.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Mrs. Goss.

BOWLING.

NEW YORK vs. NEW JERSEY.

A most enjoyable and exciting game came off on March 31 between the Young Men's Social Club of Hoboken and the Saturday Nights of New York, on the alleys of the latter. During the first part of the game, and up to the eighth frame, the contest was so close that it looked like ahybody's game, the greatest difference being in the second inning, when the visitors were 22 pins ahead; but the New-Yorkers closed the seventh inning 19 pins ahead, and from this out they kept the lead, winning the game by 72 pins. A. Nestler's stride was so long that it gave him considerable trouble by crossing the line, necessitating the continual calling of "No ball" by the umpire, Mr. McLoughlan, and causing a slight panic among his team. The Saturday Nights were ably captained by Moulle, who led the score, followed by Judge Mercur as second highest, who astonished the boys by his steady bowling. The time of the game was 2 hours and 40 minutes, and the following is the score:

SATURDAY NIGHTS.		Y. M. S.	
Moulle	184	G. Schinzel	151
Billin	141	Schlich	106
Mercur	168	Mussle	127
H. Groh	138	H. Schinzel	129
Probst	133	Korff	140
Greentree	124	A. Nestler	102
Potter	144	R. Nestler	151
Ward	136	M. Nestler	137
Shuler	138	Herbert	157
E. Bicle	113—1424	Kaiser	157—1332

THE ATHLETICS,

having only one more regular game to play, which, if they win, will proclaim them champions, are in their practice rolling with all that confidence which success inspires, and will meet their younger opponents—the Nassaus—on April 6, in full certainty of conquering. But everybody knows the story about little Johnny: "You can't sometimes most always tell;" and there is no telling now who will be the victors on Friday night. This club has stayed every other club that has crossed its path this season, and, if that is a sure sign, then they must win; but the betting men seem to favor their rivals. The minds of all will be eased, however, when the bell tolls the midnight hour, and in our next issue we will give a full and clear account of the struggle for the mastery. The following immense score was made by the Athletics on March 30 in a regular practice game, and the backers of both teams can see for themselves the actual playing of each in practice, if there is anything in that:

Bartlett	191
Higgins	202
Richardson	185
W. Moller	170
Hopps	184
Rhodes	190
Fries	169
Feilds	153
Mollenhaur	187
Hull	1256

THE NASSAUS LAST SCORE.

On Friday, April 6, Bob Orr's champions will have to face their artistic and older brethren, the Athletics—in a seventy-five-foot alley for the championship. They go into the fight with the real odds against them, for to become champions they have to win two games, and win both from the same old heads; but, singular to say, the betting odds is in favor of the younger and latter Nassaus—and all because of their confidence in themselves, and the rapid improvement they have made. The excitement in regard to it is boiling hot, and from the present outlook the proprietor of the alley on which the match is played will receive a "matinée benefit." Their previous game on Monday night the captain again led the score, followed by Frank Baker and W. Wilson, and once more making a grand total of over seventeen hundred.

R. Orr	213	J. Orr	171
Wilson	188	Mitchell	140
W. Baker	192	S. Baker	149
C. Church	164	G. Grum	151
J. Church	172	J. Grum	177—1717

THE KNICKERBOCKERS

on March 28 bowled their first regular practice game on the Empire alleys, and did very well, considering that some of them are almost total strangers to one another. It has not been long since Powell was playing baseball with the Alaskas of Cincinnati, and S. Williams was pulling a boat up the Hudson. The others are gentlemen of yardsticks and tape-measure, who take to bowling as a means of recreation after the business of the day is ended; and, as they all seem to take a great interest in the game, there is no doubt that they will become excellent bolwers by next September, when they will join the National Association, appended is their first score:

Gilbourne	164	Wilbur	150
Murphy	129	Phillips	104
Hollingsworth	118	Smith	113
S. Williams	129	Jones	154
Powell	114	J. Williams	106—1277

THE COLUMBIAS.

Mr. Staples of this club says: "When we joined the Association we did so with the intention of rolling every game of the series, even if we did not win one. We have lost three, won two, and have two more to play, for which you can see we are practicing hard, and we will win if we can." These remarks were called forth by reason of some teams refusing to play the whole of their games, because, in the first two or three played, they happened to be unfortunate and lose; but as they all can't get first in the race, the sentiments of Mr. Staples are proper, and will meet with general approval. To show that the Columbias are in dead earnest, the following game, played by them on March 30, speaks for itself:

Woods	154	Williams	156
Bilkins	196	Morton	191
Moore	168	Smith	153
Mathews	164	Staples	132
Baker	130—812	Yeomans	136—786

THE GERMANIAS.—The storm of March 27 did not deter this regular team from taking their usual exercise, and at 8.30 P. M. they were on hand twelve strong, which was divided into two parts, viz., the Refiners and Millers, captained by H. Dick and C. Rust. The game was not very brilliant on account of the many bad breaks, but it was nevertheless enjoyable, and at the end the Millers were 106 pins behind.

REFINERS.		MILLERS.	
C. Rust	124	H. Dick	132
Joe Moller	196	F. Miller	105
C. Moller	135	Ed. Voege	140
Con Moller	162	P. Welsher	121
Jake Moller	121	C. Voege	131
P. Moller	130—868	C. Tompel	133—762

THE SOUTHSIDE CLUB is matched to play the Peck-slip Club on Wednesday, April 11, at Smith's, 102 First street, Brooklyn, E. D., and, for novices, they are making immense scores in their practice games, for on March 27 they made the following. Held topping the list with 238:

Haffner	161	Pfefer	156
Steckmest	120	Teigan	112
Smith	161	Thomas	124
Rolefield	162	McDermott	172
Held	238	Moore	154—1574

THE GREAT MATCH.—There is as much mystery about the coming match as there would be about a secret session of a Returning Board. On March 30 Hoppe of the Athletics won the toss for choice of alleys, and, although it is customary to name the place there and then, Robert Orr was informed that he would be kept in doubt until April 2, and we were told that on Saturday night the great secret would be divulged to us; but it is needless to say that the promise was not fulfilled, and as we go to press the uncertainty of the place of meeting is as much a mystery as if they were going to meet in a twenty-four foot-ring.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB on March 30 held their semi-annual meeting, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, G. W. Stewart; vice-president, R. M. Hoppe; secretary, C. S. Delap; treasurer, J. Ropkar; and sergeant-at-arms, W. E. Richardson. The best business they did during the evening was the motion of Hoppe; when the penny was flipped he moved that it be called head—and head it was—thereby winning the choice of neutral alleys on which to play the great match.

BOWLING FOR PRIZES.—At Harmonia Hall, Brooklyn, E. D., on March 28, in rolling for a watch, a keg, and a box of cigars, the following scores were high in a five-frame game, and won the prizes in the order named: A. Behlen made 128 pins, R. Spitzer 124, and Geo. Wills 114, all of which is far above the average. On April 2, 3, bowling will be in order at the same place, 157 Ewen street, for prizes.

THE PIX KNIGHTS.—In anticipation of the Nassaus beating the Athletics on next Friday, and thereby making a triangular contest for the championship, the knights have buckled on their armor, determined to fight her out to the last minute. On Tuesday last the whole team were out, and footed up a score of 1,700. "Dot Colon" leading, as usual.

AS THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of talk lately in regard to players belonging to two or three different clubs, we will state that the rules permit a man to belong to as many clubs as he can afford to pay dues in, but he cannot play regular match games with more than one.

THE JOVIAL CLUB were out in their strength on March 29, and, as usual, had a pleasant time. The rolling was far above the average, the playing of Snell, Fitsimmons and Flarrity bringing the individual average up to 200, which astonished everybody.

GRAMMERCY VS. FRANKLIN.—On March 31, at Beethoven Hall, this city, these two clubs contested a friendly game in the presence of a large gathering, and it resulted in favor of the former, the score standing 1,536 to 1,285.

PEDESTRIANISM.

N. Y. ATHLETIC CLUB.

The annual Spring outdoor meeting of this club will be held May 30, on their grounds, 150th street and Mott avenue, Mott Haven. The following programme is promulgated: 100yds. run (in heats), throwing the hammer, one-mile run, seven-mile walk, running high jump, putting the shot, running broad jump, 440yds. run (in heats), one-mile walk, 220yds. run (in heats), tug of war (heats), 120yds. hurdle race (heats), three-mile walk, pole-jumping, 880yds. run. The first two in each trial heat will be allowed to run in second trial heats, and first two in latter to run in final heat. The tug of war is open to teams of four men each from any recognized athletic, rowing or college association; two substitutes allowed. Medals will be given to first, second and third in each game, excepting in tug of war, where a medal will be given to each member of the winning team. An entrance fee (not returnable) of one dollar for each and every game must accompany all entries. And in case any entry is accepted, the person entering will be so notified or his money returned, provided he send his address. A declaration of colors must be made with every entry, colors to be described in this order: first, color of handkerchief or cap; second, color of trunks or drawers. It is particularly requested that blue and white (together) be not chosen. Dress to consist of shirt and trunks or drawers to the knee. No person will be allowed to compete unless properly attired. Members of athletic or rowing associations, unless known to the club, will be required to furnish a certificate of membership, and any person not a member of a recognized club must be properly introduced by some well-known person who can vouch for his being an amateur. No competitor will be allowed to enter under a false name, and the right to refuse or strike out any entry is reserved. Address all communications to Alfred H. Curtis, secretary, P. O. Box 3,101, N. Y. City.

FIVE-MILE RUN.—A race of five miles for £50, offered by the proprietor of the track, added to a sweepstakes of £25 each, was run by J. McLeavy, champion, and George Hazael, at the Showfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, March 10. There were fully 6,000 persons present to witness the race, and betting was brisk at 5 to 2 on Hazael, at which price a lot of money was invested. The proprietor sent them away to a capital start, Hazael taking up the running, and finishing the first mile about 2yds. ahead of the Scotchman, doing 5min. 12sec. Nothing particular occurred till about three miles and a half had been got over, when Hazael tried repeatedly to get away from "Mac;" but the Scotchman, always answering the gamester to his spurts, never allowed the Londoner to get out of his way. Going down the backstretch for home, both men tried their utmost; but McLeavy, having the best turn of speed, shot to the front, and there was soon a gap between them, which Mac always increased, till he reached the winning-pole of Hazael, doing the entire distance in 26m. 6sec.

WILL J. HOLTON AND CHARLEY PORTER of Milwaukee, Wis., walked 2¼ miles for a prize on March 22. Holton won by about 15yds. in 23min. There was snow on the track.

O'LEARY AND WESTON'S £1,000 walking-match is announced for a decision at Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., this week, commencing April 2 and ending on the 7th.

MISS VON HILLERN, the German pedalist, is reported to have walked fifty miles in 11 hours 58½ minutes at Music Hall, Providence, R. I., finishing March 24. So?

J. W. STUBBS will please to call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

THE TRIGGER.

THE CREEDMOOR SPRING MEETING.

A meeting of the executive committee of the National Rifle Association was held on Tuesday, March 27, when the committee reported the grounds at Creedmoor to be in better condition than usual at this time of year, and the secretary was instructed to give notification that the range was open. A proposal from Adjutant-general Townsend to pay to the Association $4,500 for the use of its range during the National Guard encampment in July was referred to the executive committee; for this business

THE RECONCILIATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

call thee back, O love! forgive me—
Tears fall fast as April rain—
Be the rainbow 'mid the shower,
Warm my ice-bound heart again;
Linger not, my cherished idol,
All around me is so drear—
E'en the fields of stars but mock me
As I plead to have thee near.

Tarry not, my heart is breaking
For the idle words I've said—
Have the clouds no silver lining,
And the sky no blue o'erhead?
Oh, the anguish that I suffer—
Shall I never cease to mourn?
If atonement cannot move thee,
Let my prayers bid thee return.

Now the clouds are rent asunder,
Take my hand in thine once more;
Only say I am forgiven,
And I'll never grieve thee more.
God be thanked! we are united—
Loving dearer than before—
'Tis my heart is stamped the echo:
We have met to part no more.

Cincinnati, O. MARIE F. COURCELLES.

VIDA AND VICTOR,
Or Madame Roemer's Victims.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

The lady whom he afterwards married Victor Roemer first saw on the stage of a French theatre, where he was engaged as assistant scene-painter, and she was one of the chorus. From Tarbes, in the Department of the Hautes Pyrenees, she was as thin as a rail and as black as a young raven. Her features were striking, her eyes were dark as midnight, and her curly blue-black hair grew very near her boldly-outlined eyebrows. She had a powerful voice, little education, and no principles worth speaking of. Her companions detested her, and when she fell sick no sympathy was expressed for her, no kindness shown her.

"*Peste!* what a nuisance! That girl sick? How her voice will be missed! I must replace it," said the chorus-director.

"*Morbleau!* Is that so? So the poor girl has the *petite verole*. Has anyone seen her?" So spoke Victor Roemer.

"Who would venture to visit her?" cried half a dozen of the chorus in unison. "The disease is disgusting, and dreadfully contagious. Besides ——"

"Well, what besides—why do you hesitate?" Victor queried.

"Vida was a disagreeable girl, Monsieur Roemer, although you did not seem to think so," and there was a chorus of metallic cacchinations, whereat the painter turned away discomfited. But he called at Vida's lodgings that night and inquired for her—for her financial condition as well as her physical—and he left some money in the hands of the doctor. Twice every week for eight weeks the big-hearted fellow repeated these attentions. At last he was ushered into her room.

She was clothed in white. A pale ray of January sun fell on her low forehead and illumined it with an aureola. Her colorless face was like an effaced page, and the lustre of two great black eyes was alone visible there. Her transparent hands fell by her side among the folds of drapery, and such was the emaciation of her whole person that she resembled a skeleton in a wrapper of skin intended to be hung up in the case of an anatomist.

"*Mon Dieu*, my little child!" was all he could say.

But Vida had not lost the use of her tongue; and, to the accompaniment of some crystal tears, she poured out her gratitude to him, mingled with stinging asperities concerning the heartlessness of her companions.

It is unnecessary to dwell over the convalescence, for it was a tedious process. She had lost her voice, and would never sing again. But she was not disfigured by the disease, and a transformation had been effected in her constitution. She developed into a radiantly beautiful woman, voluptuously proportioned, and Victor Roemer married her. When he accepted the position of leading scene-painter in a London theatre, his wife accompanied him.

"I must work as well as you," she said.

By hard struggling—for Victor was a gambler and spendthrift at heart—she was installed in a cigar-store near Covent-garden. In a few weeks all the actors, the Bohemians and the foreign noblemen of the classic neighborhood came to smoke and to sigh around her. But neither the vapor of incense nor the smoke of cigars could turn this strong head. The huge, round-shouldered, good-natured painter had touched the only soft spot in her heart. And so, for five years, embellished by dress, ease, and that attractive wealth of body which points at *embonpoint*, and does not touch it, Vida Roemer reigned over the aristocracy of Covent-garden.

At this time the scene-painter was offered a large pecuniary inducement to accept a position in the Melbourne Theatre.

"I will accept if Vida will accompany me," he said.

He took counsel with his wife.

"Go! Of course, you will go."

"And you will accompany me, of course? I thought so," said Victor cheerfully.

"Now, is the man mad? Why should I go? What would become of my business? How could we live? How shall we buy that house in St. John's Wood, if I do not save? You know where all your money goes to; I don't. You will go alone, of course."

There was no resisting this mixture of logic and command. Victor Roemer sailed for Australia aloné.

Husband and wife wrote every mail. Victor was pleased with his temporary home at the Antipodes, and contrived to spend his salary just as conveniently as ever.

"I do not think I will ever be rich," he wrote his wife; "for, when money gets into my pocket, *presto!* it seems to fly away in vapor. Ah! I wish you had come with me, Vida. How you would have enjoyed yourself!"

But madame meanwhile was adding shilling to shilling, and increasing her bank-account. As her husband was beginning to paint in Melbourne, she was moving to more aristocratic quarters. She opened a store in the vicinity of Regent Crescent, and merely superintended operations. She was gorgeously, expensively and tastefully attired. She had become beautiful; she possessed the art requisite to enhance her beauty and the knowledge necessary to protect it. No one would have recognized in her superb shoulders and witching bust the scraggy chorus-singer of the French Opera.

During a twelvemonth's residence in the West-end establishment, Madame Roemer signalized herself by the bankruptcy of a dry-goods prince and a member of Parliament. Six months later she judged it proper to retire from the cigar-counter. By the advice and assistance of her friends, she opened an extensive establishment in New Oxford street; and the sign announced that Madame Roemer had on hand the most *recherche* and extensive assortment of theatrical and masquerade costumes to be found in the metropolis. Her *suite* of show-parlors were luxuriously carpeted and upholstered. They were, in short, appropriate show-cases for the charming gem, madame herself, who graced them. Her male assistant and her page wore livery. She stickled for etiquette as much as the Queen of Sheba might have done.

People began to talk of her horses, her dresses and her furniture, and forgot all about her antecedents. She employed as her physician the celebrated Sir Henry Dull.

One day, when the doctor was present, Victor Roemer dropped in on her with his trunk. His face was sunbrowned a foot deep. He was refused admittance by the liveried Cerberus at the door. A policeman was called. Madame heard the wrangle outside. She dismissed the doctor, told the servant to admit the weather-beaten man, and received her husband without the slightest emotion.

"*Mon Dieu*, Vida!" he gasped, "won't you ——" He was going to ask her to kiss him; but his artistic glance wandered away. The livery of his servants made his eyes twinkle; he was dazzled by the splendor of his wife and her palatial environment. He forgot to fall into her arms, he forgot he was hungry. "May I be eternally lost," he cried at last, "if I understand this!"

"You simpleton!" said madame with a wearied smile.

He followed her, by request, into the dining-room, where covers were laid for two.

Two exquisitely carved sideboards displayed a profusion of porcelain, crystal and silver. The dinner-service was from Sevres. The knife-handles had been manufactured for a bankrupt English nobleman. The dinner comprised six courses. The wines were to the amazed scene-painter a new inspiration. Still, he did not fully comprehend the astounding transformation scene at which he was assisting.

"Did you bring any money back?" asked Vida between the second and third courses.

"Um-m! Nothing worth speaking of; but I was offered a two years' renewal at exactly *double* my former terms."

He spoke rapidly and with pride.

"And you accepted the offer, of course?" burst in madame eagerly.

"Well, not exactly. I said I would think of it."

"Think of it? *Peste!* As if it required any thinking of."

"I wanted to see how you were getting along, and to consult you," he said with a tone of sadness and deliberation. "I thought ——"

"Now, Victor, what was the use of *thinking?* You know I can get along."

"I know you can. I—see—you—can."

Victor Roemer sailed by the next steamer from Southampton to Melbourne on another two years' exile.

"Adieu," said he as he saluted her cheek at parting.

He reached the Antipodes in good time for the opening season. But during the voyage he had meditated much.

"I shall save every cent I earn," he thought; "and when I return —— Well, I shall see what I shall see."

At Madame Roemer's establishment, one December day, halted a splendid carriage with stalwart, liveried coachman, magnificent footman, drawn by a pair of prancing Cleveland bay horses. Two gentlemen emerged from the satin-lined vehicle. The footman rang the bell, and soon the gentlemen were received with gracious condescension by madame herself.

"We want to hire some costumes for private theatricals," said the taller of the two—an aristocratic-looking man of thirty-five, with the figure of a grenadier and the bearing of a prince.

Madame indicated her ability and desire to accommodate.

"Aw, Captain Compton, pray be good enough to explain to madame what sort of costumes you require—you know I am absolutely green on the subject."

Captain Compton and the lady proceeded along the elegant apartment, conversing. Lord George Delamayne sank upon an ottoman, his five senses concentrated in vision. The bloom and beauty of Madame Roemer had literally taken his breath away.

Presently the Captain returned.

"Did you explain about the theatricals? I mean, did you mention Lady Hesketh as having suggested the sort of costumes?"

"I did, certainly. What else could I do? The idea of playing such a laughable farce in the garb of Hamlet struck madame—who, let me say, is very handsome—as so very absurd that I explained from sheer self-protection. She is a very charming woman."

"Ya-as," said Delamayne with evident annoyance.

"Ah, she's a splendid woman!" cried the Captain.

"A little too much *embonpoint* for my taste," said his lordship languidly.

"Did you notice her foot?"

"No—never saw it, in fact."

"Ah, it is charming! She wore a black-satin *semi-botte*, which fit like the skin. I just caught a glimpse of the instep. The stockings were pink silk. I thought of the flight of Astrea ——"

"Compton, you're an idiot—an enthusiast—a libertine of the most Paphian dye. If Lady Hesketh were not a confirmed invalid, I would forbid you Delamayne House."

The captain laughed like a boy as the carriage rattled along Uxbridge road. After some minutes' pause he said:

"I forgot to ask Madame Roemer's terms."

"It's of no consequence," said the nobleman. "I shall call and settle the bill—that will be an excuse for calling. I want to discover, if I can, all the loveliness which seems to have dazed you. I must be growing blind, or you are."

"I plead 'not guilty,'" said Captain Compton. "Well, I will endeavor to be candid," said his lordship.

Lady Hesketh Delamayne was far gone in consumption, and, being capricious, like most consumptives, had been more worried and annoyed with the private theatricals than amused.

Lord Delamayne called upon Madame Roemer afterwards, without his carriage, and was most smilingly received. She wore a flesh-colored silk, with blue-satin shoes and white-silk hose. All this his lordship saw at a glance. For, as his eyes followed her, the feet twinkled and gleamed and peeped at him, and winked at him; and the white arms and the shoulders defied him, and the great eyes challenged him, and the red lips threw the gauntlet at him, and he was all nerves and eyes.

He tried to converse, to smile, to be affable; but the buzzing demon in his brain never stopped, and his very heart beat tune to the maddening question:

"Is this superb woman all natural, or is she made up?"

He was too much of a gentleman and a man of the world to be guilty of an assault, even tempted as he was. She sat within easy reach. Her eyes burned into his, and he actually stammered and hesitated as he said:

"Madame, permit me to express my candid conviction that you possess the most divine form that ever graced a woman; and yet—I—I shouldn't imagine, speaking with all delicacy, that you w—wore—form-improvers—in fact."

She was incapable of blushing; but she raised her point-lace handkerchief to her face, drooped her head, and softly said:

"Your lordship is too complimentary," and then, raising her face, now illumined with a flickering, wicked smile, said: "Whatever made your lordship imagine that I did not wear the usual articles of female costume? Do I appear to your lordship as if I needed —— Ah, heavens!"

His lordship had clasped her in his arms! Madame remonstrated, but she did not call for her liveried attendant. Two hours after, when Lord Delamayne took his leave, he was in the power of the siren. He was passionately in love with her. He adored her the more blindly that she left him all the honors of war, and seemed to yield to an irresistible impulse. The most intelligent man suffers himself to be taken by such a bait, and there is no scepticism that can hold out against the semblance of real love.

As the intimacy between Madame Roemer and Lord Delamayne ripened, she aspired to be Lady Hesketh's successor. He urged her to dispose of her business and adorn a villa. She consented; but she was too prudent to accept a shilling of his money. She was equal to the speculative acumen that can throw twenty thousand dollars out of the window to make fifty thousand come in at the door.

The illicit interviews continued. Lord Delamayne was madly in love. He was as clay in the hands of the potter. He had solemnly promised to marry his darling Vida when the day of his widowship arrived.

Madame Roemer never mentioned her scene-painter. It was three years since she had seen him. She had every reason to believe that he would not be immortal. She tormented herself over the probability of Lady Hesketh's recovery. She consulted Sir Henry Dull. That medical luminary said there was the bare possibility of one of those marvelous cures which foil all calculations. She hated the doctor from that instant, and was "not at home" the next time he called.

Madame Roemer drove in Hyde Park to see Lady Hesketh herself, and to judge how long she would live. She saw the invalid wife, propped up in her carriage and attended by her husband. The Frenchwoman went home foaming. When Delamayne next visited her she opened the flood-gate of her tears and exhausted the arsenal of her caresses. For three hours she was the most loving and the most wretched of women. The tears fairly flowed over Lord Delamayne's face. He swore on his honor that Lady Hesketh would not live long.

Lady Hesketh Delamayne was a corpse when her husband reached his palatial mansion late that night. The signs of improvement common to the deceitful disease had merely transiently supervened. The flame had sunk to gather energy for a last misleading flicker, and had then sunk into darkness and silence. Madame Roemer wept over the news like a Niobe, and bought some enchanting semi-mourning toilets out of respectful regard for the deceased.

Lord Delamayne proposed to celebrate their nuptials privately on the Continent. They were to start for Dover and Paris the very next day, and they sat and discussed their fature.

"We will remain abroad several years, my own!" said his lordship.

She kissed him with an appearance of southern impetuosity.

A servant in livery announced a visitor who wished to see madame. Her heart gave a mighty bound, and then almost ceased to beat. It was an intuition—an intuition of Nemesis. Victor Roemer was without, dressed in the height of fashion, glistening with jewelry. Vida had recovered herself, and received him with quiet indifference. She had an iron will, a Chinese indefatigability, and the soul of a Borgia.

"I am engaged at present," she said. "Go to the city and sleep. Come here at eleven o'clock in the morning. How did you find me?"

"I employed a detective."

A pause.

"Oh, you did! Well, my dear Victor, I am exceedingly delighted to see you. I shall endeavor to get rid of my visitors in a couple of hours. Come back to me then. I am impatient to be with you."

Victor had had certain rumors retailed to him by the detective; but the woman's tact disarmed his suspicion and allayed his resentment. Madame joined Lord Delamayne with unruffled serenity, and, in a self-possessed way, explained the provoking *contretemps*.

"I thought the man was dead," she said. "He must be disposed of some way or other. He would certainly kill me if he knew all."

The nobleman was utterly demoralized.

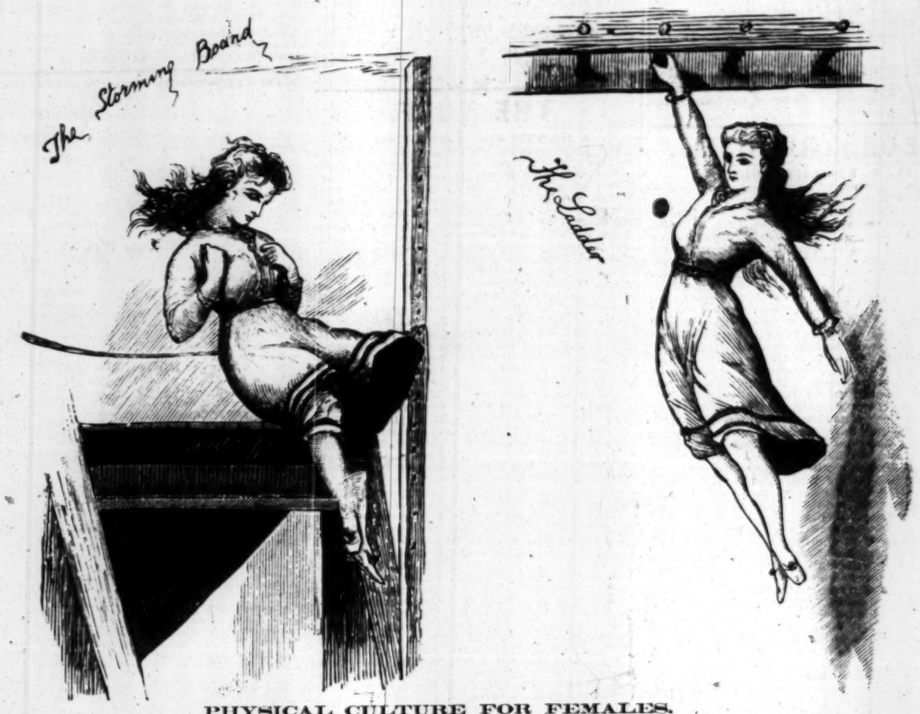
"What do you propose doing?" he gaspingly inquired.

"Settle with him to-night, and accompany you on the early tidal train in the morning," she answered with firm composure.

"But how?"

"Leave that to me; and now, love, go and prepare for our journey. Southeastern Railway station, 6 A. M. Good-night."

She had two hours. Every minute was precious for preparation. The liveried men and maids, whose engagement terminated in the morning, received an extra month's pay, and were overjoyed to be permitted to leave that night. A note was dispatched to the police, informing them that the villa would be vacant for some weeks, and requesting them to give an eye to it. Then she scrutinized the contents of a cabinet, and awaited her husband alone. It was dark when he arrived, on foot. The door was opened ere he could ring the bell. Vida was effusive in her affection. She hugged him in the fervor of her wifely zeal and devotion.



PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR FEMALES.

The value of physical exercises as a means of imparting health, strength, grace and beauty to the human form has ever been recognized; but until a comparatively recent period the beneficial effects derivable therefrom were almost exclusively enjoyed by the sterner sex, consequent upon the existence of a nonsensical prejudice against what some prudish people choose to call the vulgar and unfeminine character of such exercises. Of late years, however, common sense has exerted a wholesome influence in producing a change of sentiment in regard to this important matter, and now we find institutions for the calisthenic education of "our girls" established in different parts of the land, while in many of our public-schools light physical exercises, graded to suit the ages of the pupils, form part of the day's duties. We present in this issue engravings representing appropriately-clad feminine seekers after perfect bodily health and gracefulness of movement in two of the acts included in the course of exercise taken at calisthenic institutions, where appliances for the more difficult and dangerous acts taught in the ordinary gymnasia are dispensed with. The "storming board" is similar to the battoute board in the circus, and is an apparatus designed to add strength and elasticity to the muscles of the legs and lower portion of the body. The performer ascends the gentle incline on a run, and leaps from the highest part over a strip of wood loosely placed at a certain height and distance, alighting upon the ground or floor squarely upon the feet. The "ladder" resembles an ordinary ladder, the difference being that the rungs are placed at greater distances apart. It is suspended from a beam at a convenient distance above the head to allow the performer to easily clear the floor, and the object is to swing its length, clutching the rung with each hand alternately, thus acting upon the muscles of the upper limbs, shoulders, and back, and expanding the chest.

SILENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SILENTIA.

Silence is o'er thy resting-place;
Its seal lies heavy on thy lips,
Like that which sets its final trace
Upon the missed—the lost in ships.
The sun sails up the eastern sky;
The shadows flit across the lawn;
White fleets of clouds go drifting by,
But thou art silent, dear, and gone.

The Springtime's breath, the April showers,
Sweep o'er thee, nor disturb thy rest;
White blessings of the early flowers
Blossom and bloom above thy breast.
Thy hands are folded in repose;
The eyes which loved them greet them not,
Though the arbutus and the rose
Clamper and cluster round the spot

In which they laid thee, when the light
Went out of orbs we loved too well,
And hid the dear ones from our sight.
Oh, what is death? Departed, tell!
I press my ear upon the mound;
No voice comes up, with answer rife,
To speak the mystery profound,
The awful mystery of life.

Of death in life—of life in death;
No answer from that far-off shore
Which lieth just beyond the breath,
And gives its echoes evermore.
The dust is on thy sweet young face,
The dust is on thy dear blue eyes,
And here beside thy resting-place
The awful seal of silence lies.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.
A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.—TENNYSON

The tutor-fellow gone, Mr. Besant, with the wisdom that was to be expected of him, commenced to urge his own suit.

He said that he was sure Lilian would come to her senses, now that the fellow had gone for good, and ——

Sir Ralph interrupted him.

Stopping in the troubled pacing to and fro, he turned his agitated face full upon the smooth fox-hunting one.

"Harry, for Heaven's sake leave me. I can say nothing to-night. I can scarcely think. I cannot answer for anything that may occur. I do not even know how much has occurred already. He looked true, however false he might have been, and—and—there, go, leave me to-night alone."

Mr. Besant, thinking it prudent to obey, shook his hand with unctuous sympathy and departed, clattering over the courtyard stones as noisily as usual. Sir Ralph after pacing the room for another quarter of an hour, rang the bell.

"Ask Miss Melville if she can come to me," he said, and the footman retired.

Presently Miss Lucas opened the door stealthily.

"You sent for Lilian, Sir Ralph?" she said.

And Sir Ralph, too much agitated to be courteous, said:

"Where is she?"

"In her own room, very unwell, I fear," said Miss Lucas with her slow monotone.

Sir Ralph trembled for a moment.

"Tell her, please, I should like to see her, and will come up."

Miss Lucas retired with the message, and Sir Ralph, forgetting that he had sent her, followed a moment afterwards, so that he entered Lilian's room at the governess' heels. A strange sight met his view. His daughter—his beautiful, proud, self-possessed girl—was sitting on the floor, her hair all flowing down her back, her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes staring desperately before her.

"Lilian!" exclaimed the distracted Sir Ralph.

She looked up and sprang into his arms. Sir Ralph signed for Miss Lucas to leave them, and that lady stole out, closing the door after her.

"Lilian!" said Sir Ralph again. "Oh, my darling!"

At the endearing word the beautiful girl burst into a flood of tears.

"O papa! oh dear, oh dear!" she moaned. "What has happened?"

"What, indeed?" said Sir Ralph woefully. "Tell me all, Lilian."

"Tell you all!" she repeated desperately. "What is there to tell? I have heard you raging at Mr. Clifford for the last hour—hour!—days it seemed to me—and now I see he has gone out with something red and dreadful upon his face! O papa! I shall go mad if you do not tell me what it all means."

Sir Ralph looked at her with a sadness amounting almost to despair.

"O Lilian! my pride, my joy!" he groaned, "don't tell me you love this—this fellow!"

The girl sprang from his arms, and stood looking at him, her breath coming and going, her color red and white by turns, but her eyes fixed with an unchanging, inexpressible look upon her face.

"Love him!" she said. "Why not? What has he done?"

"Done!" he said with another groan. "Done! Is it nothing to rob me of my child?"

"Nothing compared to saving her life!" returned the girl, drawing herself up and flashing the retort at him.

Sir Ralph wrung his hands.

"Saved your life! Is it true, then?"

"True?" repeated Lilian—"true that he saved my life? Yes! a thousand times yes; and at the expense of untold misery and anguish to himself."

"Oh, why did you not tell me? Vile as he is, I—I could not have ——"

Lilian broke in passionately:

"Papa, are you mad? Vile? He is the soul of honor. Why did I not tell you? Because he himself made me promise that I would not. He alone knows why, but for some good reason, I am sure. Vile? Ah, who should know better than I how noble—how kingly he is!"

"He tried to rob me of you, Lilian, to steal your love, to ——"

"It is false, whoever told you so!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing fire and her hands clenched. "False, false! He! It is he who has kept me true to you, he who has repelled—with sternness—the slightest advance I made. For—no shame now when he has suffered so much—I loved him weeks ago. I know it now—I know it now; blind I was not to have known it then. I knew it the moment I saw him spring upon the horse, for I felt at that moment more for him than myself—felt as I had never loved and now—now you call him vile, and you have sent him away. What was that upon his face?" she added, turning upon him abruptly, almost savagely. "What was it? Harry Besant was with you. He is coward enough to strike him while you are there to help, and the poor fellow was weak—weak—weak!"

Her voice died away almost in tenderness at the last words, but it revived, with all the Melville fierceness as she continued:

"But no matter. If he struck him, my hero will pay him back measure for measure; he will take no man's blow. Cowardly villain to strike him—strike him!"

Her hands went up above her head in a frenzy of passion at the thought.

Sir Ralph groaned, and something in the groan sounded so self-reproachful that the girl dropped her arms and looked at him. Her face blanched and she staggered.

"Father"—it was the first time she had ever used the word—"you—you did not strike him?"

He could not reply, and she read his silence aright.

"Oh, shame, shame!" she wailed, dropping to the ground again and putting up her hand to keep him off. "He saved my life, and—you—struck him!"

Sir Ralph uttered a cry for help and sprang forward, for with the last word the overstrained strength gave way, and the beautiful head, covered by its wealth of hair, fell back heavy and lifeless.

* * * * *

Possibly the reader may share in Mr. Clifford's wonderment as to where Mr. Besant had obtained the materials of his really clever articles of accusation. If Mr. Besant himself had been asked, he could not have told. The morning after his refusal by Lilian he had stamped home in a fearful temper, vowing vengeance against everyone, and "Home at last! home at last!" she said.

He took her on his knee, and drank from her lips as sunlight drinks dew. She brought wine. He was beside himself. They were both apparently intoxicated with the return of another honeymoon.

Before retiring, madame mixed a brimming wine-cup. It was delicious.

"We will not leave a drop in the bottom!" said she, elevating the silver goblet to her lips.

"Agreed, darling!" he cried, and tossed off the contents.

An hour after he had gone to bed, madame obtained a light. She looked at her husband. He was breathing stertorously. She took a napkin, soaked it with chloroform, and placed it over his mouth and nostrils. At midnight Victor Roemer had passed into eternity. She dressed, fastened all the doors, pulled several drawers open, and threw their contents about the floor. She examined his pockets, and found a letter from Scotland Yard signed "Samuel Feareth," requesting to be paid seventy-five pounds for his detective service. She locked it up and a twenty pound Bank of England note in an envelope, addressed it, locked the hall-doors, and left the house.

"How did you manage?" Lord Delamayne nervously asked next morning at the rendezvous.

"There was nothing to manage," she coolly replied. "*He* had come to inform me that he had obtained a divorce. He is married again. Just fancy!"

"Thank Heaven!"

A private marriage in Switzerland made Madame Roemer Lady Delamayne.

The villa near Primrose Hill stood shut up and unmolested for six months, when Lady Delamayne left her husband in Paris and crossed the Channel alone, in order to dispose of it in some way. She applied the key to the door with a firm hand, and, with a footstep that knew no tremor, proceeded upstairs. A sickening odor assailed her nostrils as she opened the fatal door. *It was there.*

When the night set in she left the house locked as she found it; but the fire-fiend had been unchained. In the morning, when she drove up in a carriage, the villa was a heap of blackened ruins. The neighbors, who knew nothing of her antecedents, sympathized with her as she hid her face in her handkerchief and sobbed.

"Was it insured?" they asked.

"Not one penny of insurance; a total loss," she replied.

The police and the fire-brigade were censured; but everybody pitied the handsome owner, and denounced the unknown incendiary. Lady Delamayne rejoined her husband, but never alluded to the fire.

Years afterwards they came to England. Lord Delamayne was arrested on the ground of insanity in having married a woman of notorious character. The Court adjudged him incapable of managing his affairs. Guardians were appointed, Vida was denounced and ignored, and a world of trouble was inaugurated.

She was not the sort of woman to surrender. She engaged eminent counsel to defend her husband. During the litigation Lord Delamayne died by his own hand. She had accused him of supineness, and, as an incentive to vigorous action, had informed him of Victor Roemer's fate. Delamayne never survived the shock. He addressed a few lines to his relatives, in which he admitted his supreme folly and wickedness, and a note addressed to Vida contained his parting words:

VIDA.—When this reaches you I will be no more. May God in his mercy forgive you as freely as I do. And oh, be a mother to the poor ——

DELAMAYNE.

"Lady Delamayne," as she persisted in terming herself, ended her days in a private asylum, alternating between paroxysms of rage and despair. The issue of this mad passion also died in childhood, and the woman's vast accumulations became the property of the Crown.

EGGS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

There is no article of food more wholesome and nutritious than that supplied by eggs. There is a difference in their flavor and quality, owing to the difference in the diet of the birds; yet there are no eggs of winged creatures which are unfit for nourishing the human body. Their chemical composition is nearly the same, for the white and yolk are almost invariably present; and these consist, in the first case, of albumen and water. Eggs require for digestion about as much time as mutton—that is, from three to four hours. They are most readily digested when boiled until the white becomes partially consolidated.

An ordinary hen's egg weighs from one and a half to two ounces; a duck's egg from two to three ounces; the egg of the sea-gull and the turkey from three to four ounces; and the egg of the goose from four to six ounces. The solid matter and the oil in the duck's egg exceed those in a hen's egg by about one-fourth. According to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Foods," an egg, weighing one ounce and three-quarters, consists of 120 grains of carbon and 18¾ grains of nitrogen, or 15.25 per cent. of carbon, and 2 per cent. of nitrogen. An writer in *The Scientific Farmer* estimates that the value of one pound of eggs as food for sustaining the active forces of the body is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1,584 to 990. As a flesh-producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to one pound of beef. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay twelve dozen or eighteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, one pound of eggs. A pound of pork, on the contrary, requires about five and one-third pounds of corn for its production. When eggs are twenty-four cents a dozen, and pork ten cents a pound, we have a bushel of corn-feed producing $2.88 worth of eggs and $1.05 of pork.

PAINTING A HORSE.—This singular case, an account of which has already been given in these columns, has just been concluded in the English courts. For the benefit of those of our readers who may have failed to keep track of the case, we present the following summary: At the Stafford Assizes, on March 8, Thomas Warren, farmer, and Francis Longlands, innkeeper, both of Kingsthorpe, near Northampton, were charged with conspiring together at Wolverhampton to obtain from various persons sums of money with intent to defraud. They, being at Sutton Park races in August last, bought a racehorse known as Sphinx. The accused fully knew the mare was at least three years old, as they caused it to be entered in the second day's races at Sutton Park in its proper name. The mare was subsequently taken to Birmingham, where a man named Garner was employed to caustic and paint over certain white marks on the mare's body, so disguising the animal that she was entered for the Trial Stakes at Wolverhampton as a two-year-old. In consequence of this deception, she had only to carry 94lb. instead of 114lb. The mare won the race; but an objection was lodged, and the stakes were refused. At the trial it was urged in defense that the prisoners were only the dupes of some of the prosecution witnesses, who had been mixed up in the alleged fraud. The jury found Warren and Longlands guilty, and they were sentenced—the latter to nine months' and the former to six months' hard labor.

A ROYAL VIOLINIST.—Continental papers are amusing themselves over a little anecdote purporting to emanate from London, Eng. It was when the Prince of Wales was at Malta, they say, that he received the invitation to be present at the concert of welcome to be given in his honor at the Crystal Palace, and he replied by telegraph: "With great pleasure—on condition that my brother of Edinburgh does not play the violin."

Lilian's love, if he could discover him, in particular.

But how to discover whom she had the good taste to prefer to him, the lord and master of the Towers, he could not decide. Spring was quite out of his way; he did not lack the spirit, but he was entirely deficient in all the qualities requisite in a good dogging spy. He asked his mother if she knew of anyone who was likely to have put his nose out of joint, as he phrased it; but, beyond an allusion to the dear Alderman as a man who could have told him if he had lived, Lady Besant did not seem to think that any still hovering about the neighborhood. Then, with the secret pencil, she sent tidings to her master of the dismissal of the tutor, and the condition of Lilian and Sir Ralph. That done, and being thrust out of Lilian's room by order of Mrs. Williams, who had entered into a second reign as Queen Nurse, Miss Lucas went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

On the morrow Lilian was worse, and the old doctor, who had hovered about all night, snuff-box in hand, took his stimulating powder by the noseful and "ahemmed" significantly.

"There's something on her mind, Sir Ralph," he said sententiously—"something on her mind."

"I know it, I know it," retorted Sir Ralph, almost mad between grief and perplexity. "I know that, and I don't know how to remove it. Heaven help my poor child."

"Ahem," said the doctor. "It's a most singular case, ahem, if I may remark—it's something, superficially, like our young friend's, eh, Sir Ralph?"

"What young friend?" asked the distracted Baronet, though he knew well enough.

"The tutor, that nice young fellow Mr. Clifford," said the doctor as he turned to go to the sick-room. "By the way, what has become of him?"

"I don't know," said Sir Ralph with a groan; "I wish to Heaven I did."

"What! has he gone?" said the old doctor with wild astonishment.

"Yes," said Sir Ralph. "Left suddenly this morning."

"Ahem," said the physician, after thinking a moment and looking significant. "I think if I were you, Sir Ralph, I would send and fetch him back."

"What do you mean?" asked the Baronet, drawing himself up proudly, but looking only half his usual stateliness.

The old doctor pointed to the ceiling, and took snuff before replying.

"I think," he said slowly, "I would fetch him back, Sir Ralph."

Sir Ralph understood. Lilian, in the delirium which had overtaken her, had asked for him. This decided him. Trampling on the pride which had hitherto kept him from the step, he rang the bell and dispatched three grooms to ride after Mr. Clifford and bring him back.

"And," said he with his old sternness, "ask no questions nor answers any. Simply bring him back. If he refuse to come, you are three to one, you understand—bring him back."

Puzzled but obedient, the three men, all staunch friends of Mr. Clifford, started on their errand, and Sir Ralph, with a load on his mind and heart, fell to pacing the corridor. Meanwhile Mr. Clifford walked wearily on. It was no new thing to him, this being cast adrift on the world. Nay, it seemed his fate; and while with an aching heart and face he strode on he asked himself bitterly why it had not come before.

"I might have known," he mused, "that it was too happy to last, that the time had almost come when I should face the fearful world again. O Fate! what had my unknown parents done to thee that thou shouldst visit the sin so heavily upon their child? No, no," he added, hastily laying his thin white hand upon the shameful scar. "Let me cast no blame upon them, since I know them not. Rather let me bear patiently the punishment for the evil days I remember. Hard is the way of transgressors, and, though I knew it not, I was bred in the haunts and followed the footsteps of vice and crime. But now what evil chance procured the atoms of circumstance that this malicious fox-hunter so deftly arranged into his mosaic of dishonor? Heaven knows I am innocent, though at some moments I am almost inclined to think myself the base creature he drew me. I loved her, I love her now, proud, beautiful girl, but I never forgot that she was farther than the angels from me; I never forgot that I lost all that was left to me, my honor, the moment I spoke of love to her. Farther than the angels, do I say? Aye, truly, for by Heaven's good mercy I may reach their abode, but shall never hold her in my arms, or tell her what I have suffered for my love. Never! Oh, the word is maddening; let me die and rid of it. Ah, no matter if I trudge till I sink of sheer exhaustion, the face will come in my dreams to remind me that I have been driven from her father's house in disgrace, with a foul blow for a parting, and that I shall never see her more."

With a groan he quickened his pace, and, never pausing or resting, walked on till night fell. Then, as the stars crept out, to look at and perchance pity him—though in his present mood he would have derided that idea and declared they came only to mock him—he waited for a moment, and, with his despairing eyes fixed upon the darkness before him, remembered that he had but just recovered a wearing illness, and was walking himself to a certain death. Death would have suited his inclination exactly. It was the easiest way to solve the problem to lie down there in the fatal night-air and drop off in the cold to another world, where fate had less of the ordering of things; but it did not suit his conscience. Clarence Clifford's nature was the dare all, not die all, and he buttoned his light coat across his chest, bent his head down, and pushed on to some kind of shelter.

A low-browed public-house lay a little back from the road, and looked snug and inviting. He could see its light thrown edgeways across the road, and, quickening his pace, reached it. He was no pampered heir disinherited by the caprice of a moment, making acquaintance with the world's rough side for the first time; he knew something of the shady side of the way, and entered the house with peculiar confidence. The bar was empty, and the hostess, a tenant of Sir Ralph's, greeted him cordially and with a cheerful smile that suddenly changed to a long-drawn look of horror as she saw the scar on his face.

"Why, bless me, Mr. Clifford, it aint you with that dreadful face, surely! Oh, dear me, what have you been and done?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Clifford, and there was a bitter echo in his heart—"nothing; but I have left the hall, Mrs. Markham, and in disgrace. I have no shelter to-night, and no money. Stay," feeling in his pocket; "yes, here are a few shillings. You are a tenant of Sir Ralph's. Dare you—do you care to—give me a night's lodging? Don't look so confused. I shall think no worse of you for refusing."

The woman looked at him at first questioningly, then pityingly.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed sadly, "what can have happened to you, Mr. Clifford, as we thought so much of? Oh, dear me! There, I can't say no, though if Sir Ralph was to hear —— But never mind; come in, come in, and I will see to th' face."

The tutor passed behind the bar and entered the little parlor beyond. But he would not let the good-natured woman look at his face, said it was nothing, thanked her gravely, and with a hollow smile tramped up to his room supperless. On the morrow he was up early, rested, though he had not slept, and after pressing three of the six shillings upon Mrs. Markham, set out upon his way. He had eaten nothing since the breakfast at the hall; but he did not feel weak now, though the thought of food made him ill. He was warm, too, feverish, no doubt, and with a singing in his head that was fast singing all the memory out of it. He walked on, on, on, till noon, then halted suddenly and looked back. He had caught the sound of horses' hoofs behind him. Suspicious, he knew not of what, he crept behind the hedge and waited. It was the three grooms, and as he recognized them a bitter smile crossed the haggard face of the outcast.

"One more link in the chain of falsehoods, no doubt," he said. "They have discovered by this time that I have stolen the plate or rifled the strong-room, and have sent to drag me back to prison and the hulks. Shall I let them? What does it matter? It is a losing game to fight against fate. No; it will only drag her name into the mire. No; let them hunt in vain."

Worn out more by his enforced stoppage than by his continued tramping, he lay down painfully, and waited for the return of the horsemen, for he judged that, not overtaking him, they would conclude they had overridden him, and hie back to the next inn. His conjecture proved correct, for in the course of an hour or two the grooms returned, riding slowly, and looking around searchingly. They passed him, and, wailing until they had mounted the hill and dropped over the other side out of sight, he gathered himself together and resumed his tramp. Night fell again, and soon from the dimness before him grew a shadowy, flickering haze. It was the lights of London.

"Home of the homeless, refuge of the fugitive, great graveyard of so many a hopeful life, I am bearing you," he muttered. "Once there, I am safe, and can die in peace of a live unknown."

He would not stop for rest or food, but trudged on wearily and with a steady monotony of gait, his face set dully, with its flashing, hopeless eyes fixed on the light before him, and his hair blown back in damp, chill rings behind him. A suburb was reached, and the houses grew thicker. Snug gentility in semi-detached villas made the earth hideous, and the cold twilight gave miserable relief in a labyrinth of streets, all alike in drear monotony of form and size, he leant against the railings of one of the houses, and stopped to collect his thoughts. Whither should he go? A cry, apparently springing from about his feet, startled him. He stooped down, and in the dim twilight the nearest gas-lamp saw a little girl lying huddled up like a bundle of rags upon the steps of the house. She was leaning her little head against the hard railings, one hand clutching the thin, flimsy rags round her poor, little, starved form, the other grasping a box of matches. The tutor touched her pityingly.

"My child," he said, seating himself by her side and drawing her to him, "have you no home?"

She opened her eyes, blue, pitiful ones, that told all her story at a glance, and the thin, cold lips muttered:

"No; no home."

"No father, no mother?" he asked, taking off his coat and wrapping it around her.

"No," the eyes and lips said again.

"Poor

DEAD TO-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Dead to-day.
This is December which you call May:
The fragrance of old is gone from these,
Blossoms that hung on the apple-trees;
Even the lilac's heavy perfume
Brings but a hint of the silent tomb.
There is no beauty in earth or sky,
No melody sweet in the song of birds,
For all the streams of my soul are dry.
And I catch but the echo of these sad words,
Which turn to December the blossomy May—
Dead to-day.

In the room upstairs,
Where the blinds are shut and the odorous airs
May enter not, is lying one—
The fairest maiden under the sun—
Who hears no song of robin, nor sees
How blossoms cover the apple-trees;
She knows it not, nor ever will know
Whether it be December or May;
Whether the roses of Summer blow,
Or the storms of Winter darken the day.
As white is she as the shroud she wears,
In the room upstairs.

There she lies,
The light gone out of her glorious eyes,
The hair brushed back from the faultless brow,
Cold as the sculptured marble now:
The small hands crossed on her snowy breast,
And the dainty feet forever at rest.
What more? What change is this
That turns my love to senseless clay?
Her lips give back no answering kiss,
Yet they were warm but yesterday.
With folded hands and sightless eyes
There she lies.

One year ago,
When the blossoms of May were ready to blow,
We had talked of the coming days;
Talked of the future, whose radiant ways,
Stretching before us, were lost in a mist
Of gold and amber and amethyst.
Then was the world like a new dream,
And the dregs were drowned in the cup of bliss:
All things were, and nothing did seem—
How could we know or guess of this—
When the blossoms of May were ready to blow,
One year ago?

What of the years,
With all their strivings, doubts and fears,
That lie before me? Shall I find
Respite in the realm of mind?
Or ever feel again the thrill
Of hot desire burning still?
Will ever ambition rise up as of old,
Warming the blood that flows in my veins?
Shall I find in life's dross a tincture of gold,
Lamenting its losses and hording its gains?
Must laughter alter place to tears—
What of the years?

Dead to-day.
Is there nothing left but this lifeless clay,
Beautiful still in Death's embrace?
Nothing but this? Of chiseled face,
And the folded hands on the snowy breast,
And the dainty feet forever at rest?
Go look at her there, as she lies alone,
With cold, cold lips and white hands crossed;
Go look, and ask if Faith can atone
For the priceless treasure I have lost.
Talk not of Faith to me, I pray—
Dead to-day.

A KAFFIR SHAM-FIGHT.

In 1860 the Duke of Edinburgh—then Prince Alfred, a "middy," not long in his teens—took Natal in his circuit of South Africa. It was, of course, necessary that he should be entertained. So it was determined that in Natal he should see a mimic Aldershot day *a la* Zulu.

The Zulus of Natal are a light-hearted race, fond of quick, glancing movement, personal adornment, the music of their own voices, the dance, excitement and display. It is a pleasure to them to run, to sing as they go, to flourish the club they call *kerrie*, and to hear behind them the rustle of a long string of patches and shreds, like the tail of a kite, which, flying from the girdle as they rush along, catches the wind. For them to be told to get ready for a sham-fight in the presence of the Queen's son was joyous news. Not all could go, but the best should—the braves who knew the old style, had the finest equipment, and were skilled to act in concert. Out of the 60,000 able-bodied men of the tribes, about 3,000 were chosen, and of the women a few scores. Assegais were prohibited as possibly dangerous in the excitement of warlike exercises, and these were left to lie against the walls of the reed-built hut. But shields were taken down and dressed, clubs shaped and tattooed to the fashion, feathers, furs, tails of cow and monkey, skins of monkey, jackal and deer, were dusted and trimmed, and tigers' teeth and heads were polished and strung together in necklaces and armlets.

The ground chosen for the review was on the south side of the river which sweeps with a swift current by the pretty town of Maritzburg, the capital of Natal. Just there the grass-lands of the mid-county, dotted with thorn-trees, roll in long curves to the river-terraces. There are no fences, the spaces are wide and fascinating, with low levels for a spectacle, and gentle slopes for spectators. The view around has its own charms. Below, the stream with its border of willows, its broken waters as they whiten over the up-jetting reefs, and its quiet, shining surfaces, where a deep furrow has been ploughed by the current in the soft earth. Then the town, with its long lines of red roofs, its gardens hedged with rose-bushes, and its open square, bordered with young, growing trees. Beyond, the great grass hill, with its shadows studded in the hollows. To the right, the valley leading up to the Mission Station, where Bishop Colenso learned criticism from the intelligent Zulu; and, yet more to the right, Tafel Berg, a huge table-mountain, with coronet of rocks and robes of green, glowing ever when the sun shines, like a gem. No better spot could have been selected.

The day came, blue above, without a cloud, and clear below, without dust, smoke or vapor. The citizens of Maritzburg made a little crowd around the Prince, who took his stand beneath the Union Jack, planted firmly on the hill-side. Below, at some distance, the 3,000 Zulus were drawn out in a semi-circular line, which had more the look of a continuous parti-colored wall than an array of men. A long red streak was followed by a long black streak, that by a long red-and-white streak, and that by a long black-and-white streak, each streak being five feet and a half high, and all the streaks being surmounted by a long, dark band. This singular appearance was caused by the regimental shields, which, formed of ox-hides of varying colors, reached from the foot nearly to the chin, and were held by the men, closely dressed, so as to overlap each other. There was thus presented a wall of leather, and, as the hairy sides were to the front, and the companies were arranged according to the color of the hair, the wall seemed painted in different hues. The long black band or common coping surmounting the wall was formed of the 3,000 Zulu heads. The effect at a distance was peculiar, but monotonous. A British regiment standing at ease at a distance of a few hundred yards wearies even the patriotic eye with a sense of overmuch oneness; but the British soldier keeps his elbows free, and the back tight glimmers through his legs. Not so with the Zulus, in that could be seen was leather—nothing but leather, excepting the black streak along the top. Unquestionably the idea of solidity was conveyed. The line was a fortification, and looked impenetrable. As the formation was kept up for some time, the quality of steadiness was also suggested. Another suggestion was that of mystery. What was there behind that motionless, crevice-less wall? Curiosity was sharpened by the singular sounds which the half-moon of leather sent forth, now from one horn, then the other, anon from the centre, and now from the whole line. It was as the play of thunder with the echoes, at times sudden and startling, hoarse and threatening, and again muttering, low and distant. Regiment cried to regiment, and chorus followed solo, as passion beat time in the 3,000 hearts behind the leather. The general result was that of brooding sullenness, flashing now and then into eager anger and sharp desire for action—a fit prelude to the shoutings, groans, and shrieks of a real battle-field. What the actual words of the chant were I cannot say, but have no doubt that they were most bloodthirsty. Desire akin to that which leads a traveler to the rim of Vesuvius when it is beginning to bellow induced me to approach the mysterious line.

Nearness certainly gave new terrors to the eye. The shields remained as they had been, at a distance—all leather, and no prunella—but the dark band above resolved itself into a hideous row of heads, half-hidden behind a fringe of hair-tuft. "Eyes straight" is no part of the Zulu drill, and the whole line was terrible "with fine frenzy rolling," while sharp fangs glittered from mouths chanting curses. A flank movement, successfully executed with the dash of a special correspondent, enabled me to take the 3,000 in the rear, and then I saw what I saw. I need not attempt the impossible task of describing the *tout ensemble*, but will pick out one of the rumbling, braves and turn him round to the view. I select this huge fellow with a cock's feather sticking out from between his front teeth, and take him from the ranks. His head-dress is a coronet of dusky ostrich-feathers, towering to the height of a guardsman's bearskin; the plumes are fastened together by the quills only, so that they rustle freely at every movement of the body. Immediately beneath, circling the brow, is a roll of tiger-skin, from which descends over eye, ear and mouth, almost to the shoulder, a fringe of long, coarse hair, half hiding, half disclosing, fierce glances and the gnashing of teeth. A similar but smaller fringe of grizzly bristles is fastened over the upper lip. So much for head and face, plume and mask. From his neck and shoulders downwards to his knees his body is covered with the tails of monkeys and tigers, and strips of various hides, strung together in girdles. His waist is girt about with tufts of lion's mane and cow-hair; so are his arms above and below the elbow, and at the wrist. Circlets of some brute's hair are about his knees, and anklets of the same material finish his grim uniform. Within all this load of horrors is a lithe, muscular, sinewy, black, and well-greased body, and within that are the passions of a savage. His shield is as hard as wood, and tough with good dressing. It is shaped into an oval, fastened to an upright of lance-wood, which is the handle, and pieced and stitched with patient skill. This he carries in his left hand, together with three or four assegai sticks without the heads, while in his right hand he grasps a club well knobbed.

This is one of the 3,000; the others are like unto him; and no beast prowling in jungle, or lurking in cave, by day or night, is half so horrible. By a piece of good fortune I caught the great chief Goza at his toilet. I had seen him many a time in war-path, and was familiar with his white hat, crape-band, and thick pilot-coat, with big, gaping pockets. At this heroic moment, however, Goza is the high-stepping leader and great captain, preparing for the field. His warriors are around him; his nostrils quiver and his eyes flash. Goza has no white and well-creased hat now, no pilot-coat, no decent pantaloons. The hum-drum garments of civilization are discarded, and he is, with the help of a dozen squires and pages, putting himself into a complicated garniture of feathers, hair-fringes, tufts, tails, tusks, teeth, and skins, which few menageries or zoological gardens could furnish.

Goza struts, shakes his terrors, snorts like a war-horse, rolls his eyes, casts out far-reaching glances of command, brandishes his sword, and moves to the front of his army in great leaps and bounds, as though each movement were a conquest. Goza has his captains, who are all dressed in humble imitation of his finery, just as the 3,000 are like the private we took just now the liberty of inspecting.

After the Prince had ridden through the ranks, and the evolutions began. Goza gave the sign, and that vione of the regiments marched rapidly, with a leaping, running movement, towards the spectators, sending forth at the same time a hurricane of shrieks and yells. Surging up to the very feet of the Prince, they retreated, still keeping their faces towards him; they advanced again, sprang aloft with great, brute-like bounds, knelt, crouched, hid themselves behind their shields, lay still as death, darted upwards into the air with startlingly sudden noise, brandished their spear-sticks, and drummed their shields with knee and foot. At last the time came for sighting the enemy, and the charge. Goza gave a sign which was equivalent to "Up, guards, and at 'em!" and away they went, still in line, but in passionate pulses of movement rather than in a march, raging, giving mouth, eager as panthers for blood. At another sign, the charge became a retreat. In almost perfect order the line changed face, the shields were swung round to the back, and a compact wall of hard-bound hide was presented to the pursuing foe.

As the men fled they changed their cries to serpent-like hisses, as if to warn those who chased them that they were deadly if too closely pressed upon. Each regiment in its turn displayed its ability to be terrible. Then all united in a more complicated performance. The different bands charged each other, coiled themselves up in folds, slid through each other's ranks, undid the tangle, and rushed into line, each man quivering as with suppressed passion, the whole 3,000 feeling as one. There they stood for a moment, eager, leaning forward as if held only by a leash. In an instant the leash was slipped, and, with redoubled yells, the regiments became a frantic mob, each man hurling himself forwards and upwards with a fury that seemed to turn each feather and hair into instruments of war. The braves were fiends; the passion was madness.

Goza seemed to comprehend that the line of danger had been reached. At all events, he flew at some two or three of the most frantic and forward, and struck their shields with his sword, making the leather chips fly into the air. Probably it was all acting; if so, it was brilliantly clever. The last scene was as singular as any. After two hours of hard sham-fighting, and when the regiments had formed for the march-off, and were chanting in low monotone, about a hundred women, clad oddly in a very scanty girdle of beads, came running, with prying looks and bent forms, into the field. They were cruel in their aspect, and armed with short, large-headed clubs. Every now and then they stooped and aimed heavy blows, and as they did so they screamed with triumph. Their task was to kill the wounded.

It was evening before the spectacle was over, and I left late. As I passed along the lower terraces of the river-slope I was overtaken by a regiment, at the quick-march, hastening to the camping-fires. The men moaned and wailed as they went, and had a look of hunger in their eyes, as well as of excitement. By-and-bye the fires came in view, with dark, fantastic, monstrous forms flitting about them in the smoke, great pots pouring forth their and cauldrons of steaming maize-porridge. Here and there were groups of ravenous eaters, gnawing half-raw morsels of beef, and gulping down huge ladle-loads of scalding brose. The bivouac was as savage as the review. The revelry lasted far into the night; but by the morning all the army had departed, leaving behind only the bones of many an ox.—*Cassell's* (London) *Magazine.*

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"JUSTICE,"

a three-act drama by Catuelle Mendes, was first acted at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, France, on Saturday evening, March 3. The plot is as follows: The scene of the first and second act is laid in a notary's office, and the third takes place in the laboratory of a savant. Maitre Suchot, a provincial notary, has an only daughter, Genevieve, a girl of tender, romantic and dreamy disposition. Her father reproaches her with that she always "in the moon." "My study," he says, "has been transformed into an observatory." A young doctor named Valentin, who has been established for four years or so in the neighborhood, had formerly been sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for having stolen a sum of three thousand francs, with which he had rescued his sister from impending infamy. Genevieve is aware of this, but, nevertheless, she loves Doctor Valentin, who on his side is deeply attached to her. Only the young girl is determined that she will not become Valentin's wife until he has rehabilitated himself in men's eyes, since in the face of the law his reputation can never be reinstated. The Doctor struggles bravely to redeem the fault to which his brotherly love had prompted him. He bears himself honestly and loyally, distinguishing himself by his zeal in organizing various charitable societies on behalf of the poor of the district. Maitre Suchot is so struck by Valentin's exemplary life that he wishes to have him for his son-in-law, going so far, even, as to offer the young man the hand of his daughter. The doctor refuses, however, giving, as an excuse, that he is already married. This pretext he intends for the ears of Genevieve, but to her brother he avows the disgraceful secret of his past life. We must make a slight retrogression here, to mention that, on the rising of the curtain, we are introduced to an aristocratic and fashionable gathering, at which two thieves named Luc and Pigalou, both of whom have undergone sentences for bygone former offenses against the common law. The latter of these scoundrels is now in the employ of the notary as a sort of servant-clerk, and, as his motto is "Nothing for others, but everything by their means," he spends his life in plotting schemes against his fellow-men. Towards the end of the first act he unfortunately happens to light upon a back number of *The Gazette des Tribunaux*, which acquaints him with Valentin's crime. Forthwith against the Doctor an infamous project is the work of an instant in his mind. In the second act, which, as already stated, also takes place in the notary's office, Pigalou accosts Valentin with insolent familiarity as a brother convict, and goes so far as to demand that the Doctor shall rob from Maitre Suchot's safe a sum of three thousand francs, which his confederate, Luc, insists on Pigalou procuring without delay. If Valentin refuses to consent, the threat that Genevieve shall be informed of his secret is held over his head. At this horrible thought a violent struggle takes place in the mind of the young Doctor, who has been acquainted by Pigalou with the means by which the notary's safe can be opened. Incited to his first robbery by his affection for his sister, will Valentin yield to a second temptation from the dread of losing the girl he adores, and who, he knows, returns her love? In this crisis the notary comes himself, to empty the safe of its contents, and Pigalou, when he discovers the money gone, tries to make Valentin pass for the robber, and directs his steps towards Genevieve's room. But George Suchot, the notary's son, arrives opportunely, and, knowing that his father has withdrawn the cash, is at no difficulty to confound Pigalou, and make clear the Doctor's innocence. Genevieve appears, and, instead of accusing Valentin, allows all her love to explode. She offers him her hand, declaring that for years she had known all, and had wished with admiration his long and courageous expiation. Her brother warmly approves this resolution; but the notary arrives, to blast all the hopes of the young people by vociferating that he will never consent to their union. He has had "Judges" in his family, but never a *jugé*, and henceforth will banish Valentin from his house, bidding him never again set foot across its threshold. The Doctor takes his leave sorrowfully, while Genevieve, in defiance of the paternal forbiddal, calls after him "Au revoir! au revoir!" The third act introduces us to Valentin's laboratory. He has hermetically sealed all the windows and doors, and is preparing, by means of some noxious gas, a certain suicide, which he precedes by a long monologue. But Genevieve has kept her word, and, at the moment when her lover is beginning to feel overpowered by the death-sleep, the door of his laboratory opens to admit the delicate creature who looks on herself as his wife, and has come to share the fate of the man she had chosen. All this act, which ends with the death of the lovers, is telling, and it saved the piece, which the beginning of the second act had seriously compromised. The cast included Monthuis as Valentin, Caillat as the notary, Bourgeois as Luc, and Mlle. Lina Munte (a newcomer from Brussels) as Genevieve.

"SAVED BY A WORD"

is the title given by Edgar Newbound to a new historical drama written by him for the Britannia Theatre, London, Eng., and first presented there during the closing week in February. The story is thus sketched: A certain Adelfrid has taken possession of the throne of Northumberland to the exclusion of Edwin, the rightful heir, whose sister, Acca, he has married. Now, Edwin has wooed and won Ethelburga, the daughter of Redwald, the King of East Anglia, and consequently the latter and his son, Regnier, are not indisposed to assist him to dethrone the usurper. Adelfrid, however, takes the initiative, and makes war upon them. Pending the battle, which is likely to prove decisive, his wife—the ambitious Acca—seeks an interview with Redwald's Queen, Bertha, furnishes her with a poisonous draught, urges her to mix it with Edwin's wine, and thus by sacrificing him save the lives of her own husband and son. The proposal is rejected with scorn, and the deadly vial is left unheeded upon the ground. Here, presently, it is found by Edwin, who for the moment is tempted to sacrifice himself, and thus prevent the carnage which is likely to ensue in the impending contest. He mixes the poison with a cup of wine; he raises it to his lips, and he bids farewell to life and love. *Love*—this is the word that arrests his hand. The terrible thought flashes across his mind that, in grief for his loss, Ethelburga would die, and that he would thus be not only a suicide, but a murderer. The thought of her love inspires him with fresh courage. He buckles on his armor; he goes forth to battle; the issue is not long in doubt; Adelfrid is slain; Edwin is proclaimed king; Acca, the fair prisoner, is pardoned, but in mistake drinks the very poison she had prepared for another. J. B. Howe appeared as Edwin, E. Newbound as Regner, J. Reynolds as Redwald, Miss B. Adams as Ethelburga, Miss M. Brewer as Bertha, and Miss M. A. Bellaire as Acca.

"HASKA,"

a romantic drama from the pen of Henry Spicer, received its first representation at Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., on Saturday evening, March 10. *The Sunday Times* thus describes the plot: "Hungary, we may suppose from the nature of the costumes, and also from the name Stourdza, assigned one of the characters, is the scene of the action. At one period one of the characters invoked the Genius of France, but France has obviously no more to do with the play than has England or Iceland. What is the date we cannot conjecture. It is some period, however, before the Hungarian manumission of serfs. In a species of mountainous Arcadia presided over by Count Karoly, a mild and indulgent ruler, the serfs have remained contented, and have never sought to join any of the servile insurrections, the conflagration light of which can be seen from their stormy peaks, and the report of which reaches their peaceful valleys. Count Karoly has, however, one fault. Like most Hungarian nobles, he is passionately addicted to gambling. One memorable night, accordingly, over the card-table, he loses to Count Robert Stourdza the whole of his patrimony, or at least of that portion of it his possession of which gives him power over the characters in the drama. At a very untoward moment the new possessor comes to claim his property. Haska, a young girl brought up on the mountains, has but that day espoused a serf, whose name we could not ascertain. Herself as free as she is beautiful, since she is a foundling, come from Heaven knows where, Haska has, by marrying a serf, incurred the duties of a serfdom. Her husband's freedom has, it is true, been promised by Count Karoly, but that nobleman has unfortunately forgotten to make out the deed of manumission, and his loss at play has, accordingly, transferred to Count Robert the new-made wife as well as his other living chattels. It is not surprising that the eye of the Count at once falls upon the heroine. In the midst of peasant lads and lasses Haska stands arrayed like a queen in costly draperies of satin. He arrives, accordingly, at the logical conclusions that her tastes are above her station, and invites her to accept his own attentions in preference to those of her spouse. Finding his proposals coldly accepted, he resorts to the power the law gives him over his serfs, and bids the heroine wait on him that evening at sunset. The penalty of disobedience shall be the death of her husband, who has ventured to express his disapproval of this arrangement, and has incontinently been seized upon by the servants of the Count and carried away to the keep of the castle. After administering a few harsh words and blows to the peasants, who are a little astonished at these high-handed proceedings, the Count retires, and Haska proceeds to stir the villagers to mutiny. So successful is she in this effort, that the men, after listening to her eloquence, seize on firelocks, hatchets, scythes, and other implements, and clamor to be led against their oppressor. Leaving behind her her rustic following, Haska ventures alone into the castle. Here she finds the Count awaiting her in a grimly conversational mood. Before, however, he pays her many compliments, he affords her a taste of his quality by showing her the body of her husband, whom, in spite of all promises, he has already hanged. At this spectacle the heroine, whose costume shows her prepared for such a contingency, goes into a fit of real or simulated madness. In the room in which she is stands a stone chair, connected in some fashion but half-understood with the fate of the Count, but famous on account of the murdered victims it has at different times contained. In this seat the Count indiscreetly sits. So confiding is he, he even fastens himself in by the manacles which are tied to it, and so places himself at the mercy of Haska. Not long does she leave him in suspense concerning her intentions. Drawing from its sheath his dagger, she is about to plunge it in his breast when the noise of an assault upon the castle alarms her and affords her prisoner a respite. Armed retainers then come flocking in, and release the nobleman. Seeing her chance is past, and warning Is is the intention of Count Robert to burn her as a witch, Haska jumps onto the window, tears down the iron grating, and springs out to join her friends below. The distance is no less than thirty feet, yet she escapes uninjured. In the third act Haska is at the head of the insurgent peasants, who are hotly pursued by Count Robert and others of the nobles. Finding defeat imminent, she has led them into a defile from where there is no escape, and has urged them there to die together. Huge fragments of rock are piled into a barricade and interpose a barrier against advancing troops, but confine the peasants themselves as in a citadel without provisions. Here, however, they are not to die than they think. A portrait has been recovered by the Count, which shows to him that Haska is his sister. He is bent, accordingly, on mercy. The only difficulty that remains is to induce the heroine to accept the boon, many reasons to doubt. In the end she is convinced, and allows him to come to her side. Before that, however, an explosion of gunpowder, accomplished by the peasants, has opened out a way for their escape. Joys, like sorrows, come not singly, but in whole battalions. Our heroine has not seen her old friend Count Karoly restored to his estates, and finds her husband, who has been cut down from the gallows, is not only safe and sound, but has been exalted to the rank of noble." The part of the heroine was played by Miss Leighton, Wm. Creswick appearing as Count Robert, and F. Tyars as Yan.

"BEBE"

is the name given by MM. Hennequin and De Najac to a three-act comedy, produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, during the week closing March 17, and which is spoken of as one of the most mirth-provoking pieces ever seen on the stage. A correspondent sketches the plot as follows: "'Bebe' is a pet-name which M. and Madame d'Augreville have never ceased to give to their only son, Gaston, a jovial, strapping young man of twenty-two. The Baron, a regular dolt, who spends all his time in cramming any little brains he possesses with political articles from newspapers of every hue, until, by force of studying the contradictory opinions of other men, he finishes by having none whatever of his own, has never occupied himself with the education of his son, and seldom has, in consequence, been left under the tutelage of his mother. The Baronne has so well discharged her duty that the young man has grown up a perfect ignoramus, and is at the same time extravagant, without generosity, as careless of money as of love, indifference as about his mother's overweening affection. But so blinded is the latter about her 'ne'er-do-weel' son that she fondly imagines him to be a paragon of perfection, and, above all, a model of virtue and innocence. She seems to have shut her eyes to the fact that little boy of ten years ago has grown into a robust, rollicking young man, and fancies he is always tied to her apron-string. For her he has never ceased to be the 'Bebe' of long clothes and pinafores. Gaston is engaged to be married to a rich country heiress, whose guardian, a fine old gentleman named Kermanigou, has just arrived in Paris with his young wife. When M. De Kermanigou hears Gaston's mother boasting the perfect innocence of her son, he cannot restrain himself from shrugging his shoulders and declaring that, in his opinion, no man can become a good husband unless he has sown his wild oats before marriage. He has, according to his idea, a school of gallantry to pass through, and must have learned lessons from three distinct categories of the fair sex, namely, chambermaids, "soiled-doves," and married women. Such doctrine as this may make one doubt the proverbial austerity of Breton morals, but M. De Kermanigou sticks to his text and looks on 'Bebe' as a ninny. That hopeful youth is, however, nothing better than a consummate hypocrite, who has been able to bamboozle his mother in the completest manner possible. He has already received his degrees in the first two schools enumerated by the astute guardian of his intended wife, and is only awaiting an opportunity to complete his course of studies by adding a married woman to his list of conquests. What is the amazement of the baronne when she learns that her boy has had an intrigue of an old date with her own femme-de-chambre, while at the same time he is on the most intimate terms with a certain Aurelie De Villecouteuse, a queen of the demi-monde, I leave you to imagine; and certainly the poor Breton guardian is vastly astonished when he finds that, if he does not wish to have the young man's education finished through the instrumentality of his own wife, he had better agree to his marriage with his rich ward without an instant's delay. As to the method which the authors have adopted to elaborate and ramify the details of their plot, I cannot attempt a description. There are series after series of mistakes and mystifications, all more laughable one than the other, full of the most unlooked-for surprises, and narrated in a dialogue sparkling with wit and drollery. But the great feature of the piece is the creation of a character which promises to become a legendary 'type' on our stage. It is that of a certain tutor, or rather 'coach,' whose duty it is to 'cram' Gaston and a young friend of his for their examination in law. Petillon is one of those original characters which any author might be proud to have called into being. He is no longer young, although he half hides his gray hairs under a black wig, but he still preserves his former taste for dissipation of all kinds, and, while solemnly enunciating his legal axioms to his pupils, his eyes twinkle behind his spectacles at their mutual recital of their love affairs. In the second act there is a scene one of the most intensely farcical I have ever witnessed on any stage. Petillon, his pupils, and their mistresses have been singing and dancing a cancan of the wildest kind, when the Baron suddenly makes his appearance, to demand the meaning of the disturbance. The women are huddled out of sight, and Petillon at once proceeds to demonstrate to the old idiot that he has discovered an infallible method of impressing his lessons on the memory of his pupils. He has set the legal code to music, and forthwith he gives Gaston's father an exemplification of his system by chanting three or four clauses to popular airs in a style that sends the audience into roars of laughter." Fred Achard appeared as Bebe, Landrol as Kermanigou, St. Germain as Petillon, and Frances as the old Baron.

A DOG OF SCENTS.

Lately a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly. The night was dark. All at once the horse stopped, and the traveler saw the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse and uttered a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveler.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is falling in the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me."

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me; it will be the means of recovering the others."

The poor fellow gave him his last coin. The traveler whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him.

"Here!" said the traveler, putting the coin to the nose of the dog. "Look!"

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned, leaping, and deposited in the hand of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow, who had got his money back turned full of thanks towards the traveler, who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver," said he. "Tell me, at least, your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveler. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabut-Joie;" and then, whipping his horses, he disappeared in the darkness.

A GOOD JOKE is told of the Rev. Daniel Isaacs, who had alighted at an inn to stay the night. On asking for a bed, he was told he could not have one, as there was to be a ball that evening, and all the beds were engaged. "At what time does the ball break up?" asked Mr. Isaacs. "About three in the morning, sir." "Well, then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly; but, if the bed is asked for, you will have to remove." "Very well," replied Mr. Isaacs; and away he went to get between the sheets. About three in the morning he was awakened by loud knocking at his chamber-door. "What do you want?" he asked. "How many are there of you in here?" inquired a voice. "There's me, and Daniel, and Mr. Isaacs, and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then, by Jupiter, there's plenty of you!" And the speaker passed on, leaving Mr. Isaacs to enjoy his bed.

FORGOT HOW TO DO IT.—Don J. Mozart, the unfortunate watch-inventor, died at the County Poor-house, in Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 15th ult. He was once a well-to-do jeweler in that city, and succeeded in inventing a watch which had such superior qualities that a stock company with a large capital was formed for its manufacture. Everything was in readiness for work, when, taking his model apart for some slight improvement, he seems to have been so overcome by his success that his mind was weakened, and he found himself unable to put the wheels together again. Soon after he became hopelessly crazy. His small fortune was lost, and his family left with nothing but a home. He was placed under the care of physicians at the Kalamazoo Insane Asylum, but could not be cured. The Masonic fraternity have since provided for him in connection with the county.

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WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PART I.

"PEOPLE SITTING AT A PLAY."

Our illustration represents a portion of an audience assembled to witness the tragedy of "Hamlet;" and the expression on each face tells the story of the impression made upon them by the performance of this masterpiece of the great Bard of Avon. There is no laughter, no conversation going on among the spectators; everyone seems to be intent upon the text of the play, fearful of losing a sentence of the poetic gems which follow the entire dialogue. Age and youth are alike interested in what is transpiring on the stage, and deaf and blind to all else for the time being.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.
One Hundred and Twenty-four Years Ago.

We present our readers with a copy of the opening bill of the first theatre ever erected expressly for dramatic purposes in New York City. Theatrical representations had previously been given here, some of them in a building which occupied the site of the theatre in question:

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S AUTHORITY.
By a company of comedians from London, at
THE NEW THEATRE IN NASSAU STREET.
The present evening, being the 17th of September (1753), will be presented a comedy by Sir Richard Steele, called
THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.
The part of Young Belvil to be performed by Mr. Rigby.
The part of Mr. Sealand to be performed by Mr. Malone.
Myrtle, Mr. Clarkson; Sir John Bevil, Mr. Bell; Cimberton, Mr. Miller; Humphrey, Mr. Adcock; Daniel, Master Lewis Hallam.
And the part of Tom to be performed by Mr. Singleton.
The part of Phillis to be performed by Mrs. Becceley.
Mrs. Sealand, Mrs. Clarkson; Isabella, Mrs. Rigby; Lucinda, Miss Hallam.
And the part of Indiana to be performed by Mrs. Hallam.
To which will be added the ballad farce called
DAMON AND PHILLIDA.
Damon by.....Mr. Adcock | Egron by.....Mr. Rigby
Arcas.....Mr. Bell | Corydon.....Mr. Clarkson
Mopsus.....Mr. Hallam | Cymon.....Mr. Miller
And the part of Phillida to be performed by Mrs. Becceley.
A new occasional prologue to be spoken by Mr. Rigby.
An epilogue to be spoken by Mrs. Hallam.
Prices.—Box, 8 shillings; pit, 6 shillings; gallery, 3 shillings.
No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes.
N. B.—Gentlemen and ladies that choose tickets may have them at the new printing-office in Beaver street.
To begin at 6 o'clock.

The printing-office referred to was the office of *The Postboy*. Tickets were also sold by Hugh Gaine, at the office of *The Mercury*, in Hanover square. William Hallam, the originator of this company, had been the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, London, Eng., where in 1742 he succeeded Giffard. David Garrick was introduced to the London stage in that theatre by Giffard in 1741. Mr. Hallam, in 1750, became bankrupt, and in winding up his affairs gave his creditors so much satisfaction that they released a portion of their claims against him, and presented him with the wardrobe and properties of the theatre. He then consigned the latter, sending a company to the American colonies, and engaged his brother, Lewis Hallam, in the scheme, and confided its entire management to his care. The company was formed upon the commonwealth plan, and included twelve adults and three children of Lewis Hallam. These eighteen shares, each adult performer being entitled to one, the manager to one additional for managerial services, and to another for his three children. Each shareholder was entitled to a benefit night. Four shares were assigned to the copartnership, and the profits from them were to be equally divided between William and Lewis Hallam. Business is supposed to have been good, because in 1754 William Hallam arrived from England, where he soon returned with his proportion of the profits and the value of his two shares, which he sold to his brother Lewis for a handsome premium. After his return to England, his name ceased to be connected with the American stage. Lewis Hallam and family are said to have cleared over £10,000, which they subsequently lost by the reverses of the American Revolution. Lewis Hallam and wife had both been performers in Goodman's Fields Theatre, the former as first low comedian, and the latter as leading lady. Their children, referred to above, were a daughter, about 15 years of age, and two sons, Lewis and Adam, respectively 12 years and 10. The first-named was subsequently the most prominent and favorite actor in America. They left them in London a daughter 4 years old, who afterwards became the celebrated Mrs. Mattocks. Of the other members of the company, Mr. Rigby held the most important position. He played the leading characters in both tragedy and high comedy, and also displayed considerable skill in impersonating character parts. He was the best known representative in America of the following characters: Romeo, Lord Hastings, Earl of Essex, Beverly, Horatio ("Fair Penitent"), etc. Lewis Hallam, the chief comedian, also played many serious as well as comic old men. Mr. Malone was the heavy tragedian, playing King Lear, Shylock, etc. Mr. Singleton was the light comedian, acting Mercutio, Lothario, Gratiano, etc. He wrote the prologue delivered on the occasion of the company's debut in the New World in Virginia, which was also spoken at the opening of this theatre. Mr. Adcock was the chief vocalist. Master Lewis Hallam was at this time about 13 years of age. He had made his first appearance on the stage in Williamsburg, Va., when his father opened the theatre, Sept. 5, 1752. He was cast for Portia's servant in "The Merchant of Venice." When he came upon the stage he was unable to utter the single line he had to speak, and, bursting into tears, he walked off. He afterwards acquired confidence, and in later years developed great versatility of talent, and during his long connection with the American stage played, to the fullest satisfaction of the public, almost every character of importance in all the plays of that period. On the return of peace, after the Revolution, young Hallam was the first manager in this city, and he retained an interest in the direction of the theatre until 1797, when he sold out to Mr. Dunlap, and received a salaried actor until June 2, 1806, when he made his last appearance in New York. He died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 1, 1808. Mrs. Hallam, his mother, who afterwards became Mrs. Douglas, was a lady of great beauty, and acted the youthful heroines with wonderful effect. She acted originally here Juliet, Cordelia, Jane Shore, Calisuta, Mrs. Beverly, and many other leading parts. Mrs. Becceley was the singing actress and soubrette. Miss Hallam acted walking-ladies and some juvenile characters, and subsequently became a favorite vocalist. Her progress was slow; for, although under the management of her father and brother, she did not reach the dignity of a leading lady until 1772. Two years later she returned to England, and thereafter was unknown to the American stage. The others of the company appear to have had no distinguishing merit. Compiled from Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage."

PART II.—OLIO.

SENTIMENTAL BALLAD.

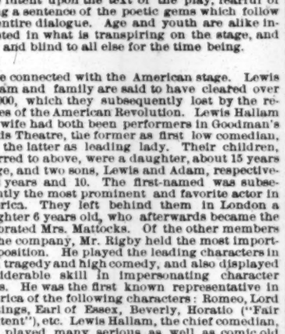
The tender and touching ballad which Miss Maggie Jones will now sing for the first time in public was written "by a young gentleman of this city" a few days before he bade adieu to the scenes of his childhood's home. The audience will oblige by not calling for a repetition, which would greatly mar the pathos of the words and the plaintive effect of the melody.

"Farewell Alanna."

TO HARRY WILLIAMS,
BY ROBERT MCKAY.

Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore;
Think of me sometimes, should we meet no more;
And, when at night at your bedside you pray,
Don't forget him who's beyond the blue say.
Farewell! O how that word pierces my heart!
Must I, thea, leave you—must I depart—
Never to see you, to speak to you more?
Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore!
Chorus.—With sorrow, acushla, my cup's flowing o'er,
Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore!

Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore,
To friends and to kindred and scenes loved of yore;
Oft when in silence and sadness I mourn,
To Erin and you shall my spirit return.
Still in your heart, darlin', let me reside,
E'en though in far-distant lands I abide;
Still remain true to the vows pledged of yore—
Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore!
Chorus.—With sorrow, acushla, my cup's flowing o'er,
Farewell, alanna, farewell, asthore!



The singer as she appeared.

PRESTIDIGITATION.

Our next act will be the "Magic Hat Trick," which has been witnessed by the crowned heads of Europe and the uncrowned sovereigns of America. Permit us to introduce to your notice,

SIGNOR MURPHYSHNI GIOVANNI.

It will be seen that the Signor uses no paraphernalia in the performance of his wondrous tricks; there is nothing upon the stage, you will perceive, but a portion of a two-legged table, which, of course, can be of no manner of use to the magician. Now, watch him closely, or he may deceive you. Should any gentleman imagine that the hat is in league with the performer, the latter will be very happy to borrow a hat from any gentleman present, promising to return it just as good as it ever was. Mr. John Murphy will conclude his magical entertainment by stating the age of every lady in the house—one of the most remarkable

THEATRICAL RECORD.

vements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Morss.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Apr. 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Amoroze, Genevieve
Allen, Eloise
Aimee, Mlle.
Aubroun, Mrs Rose
Beaumont, Nellie (of Soldene's Co.)
Brandt, Lizzie
Boshell, Louise
Berdeau, Jeanette
Bonifacc, Marie (2)
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Boroughs, Mrs. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Bailey, Ella
Boshell, Carrie
Bennett, Eva
Bidwell, Dollie
Courtright, Mrs. Nettie
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Coombs, Jane
Calder, Mrs. Ally
Carlrose, Amanda (of Swede Co.)
Clifford, Ada (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Doyle, Rose
Delmar, Jennie
Dillon, Mrs. John
De Vere, Helene
De Mavis, Lizzie (2)
De Yong, Adele
De Alvis Sisters
Dilly, Bertie (song and dance)
Dixon, Marie (of Alberto's Minst.)
Dixon, Jennie S.
Dayton, Della (2)
Ellis, Lillie
Elmore, Annie
Ellis, Matty
Elsman, Mrs. Emile
Everett, Ella
Fox, Eva
Fairchild, Florence
Ferrara, Marie
Flemming, Nellie
Fiske, Maj.
Fielding, Alice
Franks, Lu-lu
Wilson, Lillie
Grimes, Maggie
Geraldine, Mad.
Granger, Maude
Gray, Minnie 6c.
Grey, Alice (of Daly's Co.)
Germon, Nellie
Gray, Maggie
Gilbert, Mrs. S. B.
Haslam, Mrs. Hulda
Howard, Jessie (of "Buffalo Bill" Co.)
Howitt, Belle
Hampton, Louisa
Howard, Pauline
Imogene
Just, Helene
Johns, Effie
Kellogg, Alice (with Bergers)
Kirby, Adele
Kemp, Alice
Kimberley, Bessie
Kingsbury, Stella
Lancaster, Marie
Loel, Marie (clog-dancer)
Le Comte, Miss E.
Lafferty, Anna
Lawrence, Kittie
Lewis, Ida
Lindsey, Jennie
Mason, Sallie
Mitchell, Lottie
Mc Allan, Maggie
Morton, Alice (of Soldene's Co.)
Martelle, Miss (of Miner's Co.)
May, Alice (of Comique, Cleveland)
Moxon, Ada (of Soldene's Co.)
Montague, Anna
Murray, Ada (of Aiken's Co.)
Newton, Chas. E
Norton, "Wash"
Nichols, T. W.
Onohonbro, J. B.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Percy, Fred. (Fechter's Agent)
Phillips, Horace R.
Pike, M. B. 6c.
Preese, "Johnny"
Payson, E. S.
Primrose, H.
Pope, Wm. Cooke
Palmer, Robt.
Percy, Capt. C. M.
Petrie, Capt. O.
Paul, W. M.
Pedanto, Mr. &
Pell, J. (of Pell & Lewis)
Price, "Sam"
Queen & Forrest
Ryan, J. E. (late of "The Lorgnon")
Raymond, Walter J.
Ready, J. (late of T. Denier's Co.)
Richtatther, Tgnatz
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Ritter, John
Rodgers, Jno. (actor)
Rogers, "Tim"
Rankin, McKee
Robson, Stuart
Ripley, Wm. (2)
Raber, J. C.
Russell, M. C.
Rentfrone, J. N.
Rogers, Jno.
Ransom, Jno. W.
Robini, P. 12c.
Sanford, S. S. (3)
Stedman, Chas. A.
Stubbs, Jno. W.
Sebastian, Romeo
Sperl, Frank (dealer)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Seymour, O. T.
Stanley, E.
Snow, L. (of Snow Bros.)
Smith, W. W. (late of Wambold's Minst.)
Smith & Fox
Stickney, Jr., S.
Silver & Freame
Sands, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Smith, E. (of Robinson's R. R.)
Scott, Rufus (1)
Shaw, "Gus" (circus "biz")
Scallon, Wm.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Sydney, Geo.
Southbren, Mr.
Spears, J. A.
Sheehan & Jones
Shaffer, Oscar
Strakosch, "Max"
Sanford, Wm. R.
Sargent, H. J. (2)
Stillman, D.
Spriggs, Harry
Shay, J.
Shimer, Norman
Silva, "Joe"
Spence, J. W.
Schofield, Fred. S.
Saville, J. G.
Slavin, J. H.
Safan, W. H.
Shepard, G. B.
Teft, James
Tayleure, Clifton (of "Harry" Co.)
Tilden, Lake
Tighe, Harry
Thayer & Tompkins (Thomas)
Tower, John H.
Tylor, Harry C.
Tripp, Chas. B.
Tindall, James
Taylor, T. (treasurer)
Vincent, Chas. A. (2)
Vaughn, Harry (2)
Vetter, Otto
Wiley, L. H. (2)
West, Frank (skatist)
Watson, J. F.
Wilde, G. (of Washburn's Co.)
Wood, "Willie" (late of Cincinnati)
Wilson, Jno. (equestrian)
Walton, F. (magician)
Weight, "Bob" (2)
Wicks, C. B.
Henderson, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hill, Robt. Sale (2)
Hammer, Wm. N. (2)
Healy, Dr. J. E (2)
Hall, Mills
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Haggerty, Hughey (Dutch "biz")
Herring, "Gus"
Hutchins, James
Hodges, P. S.
Hardy, R. F.
Howard, Lawrance
Hall, J. W.
Hayes, "Larry"
Harris, Fred D.
Hendee, C. F. (2)
Harding, Geo. W.
Holmes, Mr.
Jackson, J. E.
Jones, H. Wheeler
Keane, Jos. H.
Kershin, Chas. H.
Kirk, Robt. (of Somers & Kirk)
Kelly, J. (of Connor & Kelly)
Kearney, (of Kearney & Moran)
Kendall, "Archie"
Kelly, Mr. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Keating, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Kent, Frank (3)
Knowlton, J. K.
Krone, Ed.
Love, Valentine
Leon, "Dan"
Lewis, J. (cornetist)
Luca, A.
Lennon, "Jack" (talkir")
Lang, "Billy" (comed.)
Leopold, Alta & Mons.
Luddington, Alf.
Leopold, Geo. 4tc.
Lavelle, H. (2)
Levino, H.
Levino Bros.
Lawrence, "Nick"
Lawrence, Ch.
Howe's Circus
Landis, "Will" (skatist)
Little, Chas.
Lent, Louis B.
Lowry, Jno. (contortion)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Morton, J. W. (music, "biz")
Montague, Harry (vocalist)
Morris, Myles
Moak, John A. (3)
Morse, J. T.
McGill & Strong
Mc Kenzie, J. W. (of Gilmore's Co.)
Mack, P. (of Murphy & Mack)
Murray, Jno. (of "Rip Winkle" Co)
Morrison, Louis (4)
Mortimer, J. M.
Morosco Family, The
Mayer, H. C.
Mathews, W. (of Pastor's Co.)
Mills, Gus (female impers.)
Murphy, "Con" (of Slocum's Co)
Marshall, H. (pantomimist)
Murphy, "Paddy" (Irish "biz")
Miles, W. H.
McSorley, T.
Mitchell & Weber (2)
Morra & Fields
Moore, Jno. (of Daly's Co.)
Montalvio, Sig.
Martin, S. J. (Telegraph)
Melville, Chas. (agent) (3)
Miron, A.
Maya, Lorenzo
Mosely, Wm. H.
Moore, "Little Eddie"
Macauley, "Barney"
Newton, Chas. E
Norton, "Wash"
Nichols, T. W.
Onohonbro, J. B.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Percy, Fred. (Fechter's Agent)
Phillips, Horace R.
Pike, M. B. 6c.
Preese, "Johnny"
Payson, E. S.
Primrose, H.
Pope, Wm. Cooke
Palmer, Robt.
Percy, Capt. C. M.
Petrie, Capt. O.
Paul, W. M.
Pedanto, Mr. &
Pell, J. (of Pell & Lewis)
Price, "Sam"
Queen & Forrest
Ryan, J. E. (late of "The Lorgnon")
Raymond, Walter J.
Ready, J. (late of T. Denier's Co.)
Richtatther, Tgnatz
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Ritter, John
Rodgers, Jno. (actor)
Rogers, "Tim"
Rankin, McKee
Robson, Stuart
Ripley, Wm. (2)
Raber, J. C.
Russell, M. C.
Rentfrone, J. N.
Rogers, Jno.
Ransom, Jno. W.
Robini, P. 12c.
Sanford, S. S. (3)
Stedman, Chas. A.
Stubbs, Jno. W.
Sebastian, Romeo
Sperl, Frank (dealer)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Seymour, O. T.
Stanley, E.
Snow, L. (of Snow Bros.)
Smith, W. W. (late of Wambold's Minst.)
Smith & Fox
Stickney, Jr., S.
Silver & Freame
Sands, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Smith, E. (of Robinson's R. R.)
Scott, Rufus (1)
Shaw, "Gus" (circus "biz")
Scallon, Wm.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Sydney, Geo.
Southbren, Mr.
Spears, J. A.
Sheehan & Jones
Shaffer, Oscar
Strakosch, "Max"
Sanford, Wm. R.
Sargent, H. J. (2)
Stillman, D.
Spriggs, Harry
Shay, J.
Shimer, Norman
Silva, "Joe"
Spence, J. W.
Schofield, Fred. S.
Saville, J. G.
Slavin, J. H.
Safan, W. H.
Shepard, G. B.
Teft, James
Tayleure, Clifton (of "Harry" Co.)
Tilden, Lake
Tighe, Harry
Thayer & Tompkins (Thomas)
Tower, John H.
Tylor, Harry C.
Tripp, Chas. B.
Tindall, James
Taylor, T. (treasurer)
Vincent, Chas. A. (2)
Vaughn, Harry (2)
Vetter, Otto
Wiley, L. H. (2)
West, Frank (skatist)
Watson, J. F.
Wilde, G. (of Washburn's Co.)
Wood, "Willie" (late of Cincinnati)
Wilson, Jno. (equestrian)
Walton, F. (magician)
Weight, "Bob" (2)
Wicks, C. B.
Henderson, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hill, Robt. Sale (2)
Hammer, Wm. N. (2)
Healy, Dr. J. E (2)
Hall, Mills
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Haggerty, Hughey (Dutch "biz")
Herring, "Gus"
Hutchins, James
Hodges, P. S.
Hardy, R. F.
Howard, Lawrance
Hall, J. W.
Hayes, "Larry"
Harris, Fred D.
Hendee, C. F. (2)
Harding, Geo. W.
Holmes, Mr.
Jackson, J. E.
Jones, H. Wheeler
Keane, Jos. H.
Kershin, Chas. H.
Kirk, Robt. (of Somers & Kirk)
Kelly, J. (of Connor & Kelly)
Kearney, (of Kearney & Moran)
Kendall, "Archie"
Kelly, Mr. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Keating, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Kent, Frank (3)
Knowlton, J. K.
Krone, Ed.
Love, Valentine
Leon, "Dan"
Lewis, J. (cornetist)
Luca, A.
Lennon, "Jack" (talkir")
Lang, "Billy" (comed.)
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Luddington, Alf.
Leopold, Geo. 4tc.
Lavelle, H. (2)
Levino, H.
Levino Bros.
Lawrence, "Nick"
Lawrence, Ch.
Howe's Circus
Landis, "Will" (skatist)
Little, Chas.
Lent, Louis B.
Lowry, Jno. (contortion)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Morton, J. W. (music, "biz")
Montague, Harry (vocalist)
Morris, Myles
Moak, John A. (3)
Morse, J. T.
McGill & Strong
Mc Kenzie, J. W. (of Gilmore's Co.)
Mack, P. (of Murphy & Mack)
Murray, Jno. (of "Rip Winkle" Co)
Morrison, Louis (4)
Mortimer, J. M.
Morosco Family, The
Mayer, H. C.
Mathews, W. (of Pastor's Co.)
Mills, Gus (female impers.)
Murphy, "Con" (of Slocum's Co)
Marshall, H. (pantomimist)
Murphy, "Paddy" (Irish "biz")
Miles, W. H.
McSorley, T.
Mitchell & Weber (2)
Morra & Fields

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ames, Emile
Aiken, C. M.
Alvereta Bros.
Aiken, Frank E.
Auber, Mons. (musician)
Adams, J. (of Adams & Lee)
Abey, J. V.
Arthur, T.
Bowran, Geo. (musician)
"B. B." (2)
Breban, Jule
Bury, "Adolf"
Bruffey, E. C.
Barnaloe Concert Co.
Baste, E. E.
Birdue, "Gus"
Burke, (of Burke & Mara)
Becks, "Adolf"
Brady, Fred, A1 S.
Bemis, Mr. (of Portland)
Booth, Edwin
Barry, J. (of Comique, Washington)
Batchelor & Doris
Bennett, Tommy" (vocalist)
Binney, Frank
Brown, "Gus"
Benedict, C.
Bushnell & Castello
Barlow, W. A.
Bishop, "Wash"
Blanchard, Harry (2)
Bristol, (of Howe's Circus)
Bosworth, Frank
Bagley, Wm.
Blodgett, Chas.
Burke & Mara
Bishop, C. B.
Brevoort, Julian
Bush, I.
Bennett, Harry
Byron, Fred.
Codone, H. (equestrian)
Conway, H. G.
Cooper Brothers
Coule, A.
Crawford, J. W. ("Capt. Jack") (2)
Cohen, G. (of Cohen & Taylor)
Cole, "Lew"
Cronin, Wm.
Clark, James
Clark, "Eddie"
Coleman, D. W.
Crusoe, Chas. A. (2)
Chase, Chas. W.
Christie, Jas. S.
Cohen, George
Cordova, Harry
Cooper, Bailey & Co.
Crawford, J. S.
Cardello, Chas.
Chapman, J. man-ager)
Curtis, G. H.
Carter, (of Blain's Show)
Clark, J. W. (bandmaker)
Clifford, Edwin
Costuma, D. A.
Collyer, "Eddie" F.
Causal, Walter
Clannon, T. (minst. "biz")
Callender, Chas. (2)
Case, Wm.
"Continental 4," The
Crum, W. C.
Cambridge, A. G.
Cunningham, Rich.
Conway & Kerrigan
De Witt, Thos. H.
Davis, Louis H.
De Haven & Castello
Davis, Lessie
De Hirsch, Count
Donniker, Jno. A.
Denny, F. D.
Davis, C. L.
Deakin, H. (of Lilliputian Co.)
De Haven, Claude
Dunn, Jas. C.
De King, Henri
Davenport, E. L.
Dobson, F. B. (2)
Dunham, F. P.
Durton, Henry
Dumont, Frank
Davis, Lewis H.
Doherty, E. (of Cole's Circus)
Donavin, J. W.
Duffy, J. C.
Dare, F.
Dickeson, H. A.
Dugene, C. E.
Dare, Frank
Drew, J. R.
Davis, H. L.
Drew & Lawton
Empire Children
Eck, W. T.
Engel, John
Edwards, C. (minst. "biz")
Elliott, "Dick"
Emerson, Morton
Edwards, Jas. S.
Emerson, P. (minst. "biz")
Elliott, Emil
Edwards, G. (agent)
Eades, Harry
Eddings, C. Wm.
Ellis, C. H. (gymnast)
Eunice, Wm.
Elmore & Clark
Elliott, Harry
Franks, — wizard)
Frohman, "Gus"
Fonda, Cal.
Fleury, Fernando
Freleigh, W. B.
Ferrante, Pietro
Foley, (of Howard & Cushing's Cir.)
Fiske, M. W.
Frawles, H. O.
Fawcett, Owen
Farquer, W. V.
French, Ed. (of How. Ath. Boston)
Frake, W. H.
Farrell, John
Freeman, Edward
Frink, C. A.
Fallon, Lawrence P.
Fan Co., Manager Fish, Fred. C.
Gibson & Biney
Gouldman, Jas.
Grierson, R. K.
Gibbs & Davis
Gardish, E. A.
Galiger, Jas.
Gardner, Harry
Gibbons, "Ned"
Groendler, H. F.
Gardner, J. W.
Grant, W. W.
Gavitt, C. B.
Gaie, Geo. T.
Glidden, "Charlie"
Greene, Rich (Kelogg's Op. Co.)
Griffin, Master
Gunn, John P. (drummer)
Haines, S. V. (2)
Henry, Hugh
Harper, Thos.
Harvie, H. C.
Harrington, N. P.
Homer, M. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Hazzard, A.
Hartman, J. P. (magician)
Hecks, C. B.
Henderson, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Hill, Robt. Sale (2)
Hammer, Wm. N. (2)
Healy, Dr. J. E (2)
Hall, Mills
Heywood, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Haggerty, Hughey (Dutch "biz")
Herring, "Gus"
Hutchins, James
Hodges, P. S.
Hardy, R. F.
Howard, Lawrance
Hall, J. W.
Hayes, "Larry"
Harris, Fred D.
Hendee, C. F. (2)
Harding, Geo. W.
Holmes, Mr.
Jackson, J. E.
Jones, H. Wheeler
Keane, Jos. H.
Kershin, Chas. H.
Kirk, Robt. (of Somers & Kirk)
Kelly, J. (of Connor & Kelly)
Kearney, (of Kearney & Moran)
Kendall, "Archie"
Kelly, Mr. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Keating, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Kent, Frank (3)
Knowlton, J. K.
Krone, Ed.
Love, Valentine
Leon, "Dan"
Lewis, J. (cornetist)
Luca, A.
Lennon, "Jack" (talkir")
Lang, "Billy" (comed.)
Leopold, Alta & Mons.
Luddington, Alf.
Leopold, Geo. 4tc.
Lavelle, H. (2)
Levino, H.
Levino Bros.
Lawrence, "Nick"
Lawrence, Ch.
Howe's Circus
Landis, "Will" (skatist)
Little, Chas.
Lent, Louis B.
Lowry, Jno. (contortion)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Morton, J. W. (music, "biz")
Montague, Harry (vocalist)
Morris, Myles
Moak, John A. (3)
Morse, J. T.
McGill & Strong
Mc Kenzie, J. W. (of Gilmore's Co.)
Mack, P. (of Murphy & Mack)
Murray, Jno. (of "Rip Winkle" Co)
Morrison, Louis (4)
Mortimer, J. M.
Morosco Family, The
Mayer, H. C.
Mathews, W. (of Pastor's Co.)
Mills, Gus (female impers.)
Murphy, "Con" (of Slocum's Co)
Marshall, H. (pantomimist)
Murphy, "Paddy" (Irish "biz")
Miles, W. H.
McSorley, T.
Mitchell & Weber (2)
Morra & Fields
Moore, Jno. (of Daly's Co.)
Montalvio, Sig.
Martin, S. J. (Telegraph)
Melville, Chas. (agent) (3)
Miron, A.
Maya, Lorenzo
Mosely, Wm. H.
Moore, "Little Eddie"
Macauley, "Barney"
Newton, Chas. E
Norton, "Wash"
Nichols, T. W.
Onohonbro, J. B.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Percy, Fred. (Fechter's Agent)
Phillips, Horace R.
Pike, M. B. 6c.
Preese, "Johnny"
Payson, E. S.
Primrose, H.
Pope, Wm. Cooke
Palmer, Robt.
Percy, Capt. C. M.
Petrie, Capt. O.
Paul, W. M.
Pedanto, Mr. &
Pell, J. (of Pell & Lewis)
Price, "Sam"
Queen & Forrest
Ryan, J. E. (late of "The Lorgnon")
Raymond, Walter J.
Ready, J. (late of T. Denier's Co.)
Richtatther, Tgnatz
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Ritter, John
Rodgers, Jno. (actor)
Rogers, "Tim"
Rankin, McKee
Robson, Stuart
Ripley, Wm. (2)
Raber, J. C.
Russell, M. C.
Rentfrone, J. N.
Rogers, Jno.
Ransom, Jno. W.
Robini, P. 12c.
Sanford, S. S. (3)
Stedman, Chas. A.
Stubbs, Jno. W.
Sebastian, Romeo
Sperl, Frank (dealer)
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Seymour, O. T.
Stanley, E.
Snow, L. (of Snow Bros.)
Smith, W. W. (late of Wambold's Minst.)
Smith & Fox
Stickney, Jr., S.
Silver & Freame
Sands, J. (of Keating & Sands)
Smith, E. (of Robinson's R. R.)
Scott, Rufus (1)
Shaw, "Gus" (circus "biz")
Scallon, Wm.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Sydney, Geo.
Southbren, Mr.
Spears, J. A.
Sheehan & Jones
Shaffer, Oscar
Strakosch, "Max"
Sanford, Wm. R.
Sargent, H. J. (2)
Stillman, D.
Spriggs, Harry
Shay, J.
Shimer, Norman
Silva, "Joe"
Spence, J. W.
Schofield, Fred. S.
Saville, J. G.
Slavin, J. H.
Safan, W. H.
Shepard, G. B.
Teft, James
Tayleure, Clifton (of "Harry" Co.)
Tilden, Lake
Tighe, Harry
Thayer & Tompkins (Thomas)
Tower, John H.
Tylor, Harry C.
Tripp, Chas. B.
Tindall, James
Taylor, T. (treasurer)
Vincent, Chas. A. (2)
Vaughn, Harry (2)
Vetter, Otto
Wiley, L. H. (2)
West, Frank (skatist)
Watson, J. F.
Wilde, G. (of Washburn's Co.)
Wood, "Willie" (late of Cincinnati)
Wilson, Jno. (equestrian)
Walton, F. (magician)
Weight, "Bob" (2)
Wic

DEN THOMPSON'S "Joshua Whitcomb" Combination, traveling through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, includes Den Thompson, Miss Julia Wilson, James M. Gilbert, Miss Belle Gilbert, Robert Ransom, Miss May Ransom, H. P. Bedley, Jas. Norton, J. Freeman, F. Coburn, F. K. Wallace, J. Elberts, Flora Marcus, and Prof. Navoni and orchestra of seven musicians.

J. D. HOPKINS, manager of the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., publishes a card requesting artists engaged there to send a programme of their business one week in advance of the date of their opening, and cautioning those who break their engagements that he will proceed against them legally.

JAMES WHEELER, club-swinger, end-man and Ethiopian comedian, is performing at the Odeon Varieties, Baltimore, Md., where he can be addressed. He states that he would like to hear from concert managers for the tenting season.

THE PEARSALL SISTERS, vocalists, advertise that they can be engaged for the Summer season after May 1.

THE EDWARDES—James S. and Katie—commence a two weeks' engagement at the Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., April 2.

FRANK BUSH OR BRUSH, who was at the Parisian Varieties, this city, a few weeks ago, is requested to address Holmes, care of this office.

THE MILTON JASPERS, gymnasts, and Miss Marie Jasper are favorably noticed by *The Indianapolis Sentinel*, an extract from which is published in another column, together with a list of their engagements to the end of May.

AT McDANIEL'S THEATRE, Cheyenne, Wy. Ter., the business has been good, and is likely to increase, as the tide of emigration, both from East and West, is rapidly setting in on its road to the Black Hills, wrote an occasional correspondent on March 25, adding: "The company comprises the Vaidis Twin Sisters, now in their eighth week; James and Baby McDonald; Rose and Willie Gill, Scotch artists, in their thirteenth week; Charles Harris and Lotta Gray, their first week; Mlle. Cerito, in her forty-third week; Walter Parks, Billy Diamond, Mlle. Aubrey, Ella Newell, Lola Hattie, La Belle Hattie, Lizzie Warren, La Petite Lizzie and Master Harry.....The Bella Union Varieties closes its doors for good to-night. The company lately performing there were Sam Nunby, Lurline, Monte Verde, Johnny Pierce, Lottie Archer, Johnny Bracé, Tillie Bouton and Fred Roberts."

FIRST-CLASS TALENT is wanted at the International Music Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. See card.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Skiff & Gaylord's Varieties, late Ladner's Military Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. Address Allshouse & Smith, proprietors, or Lew Gaylord, business-manager.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, an excellent variety entertainment was presented during the past week, the new faces then being Kelly and Ryan in their capital Irish songs-and-dances; Miss Ida Morris in serio-comic songs; Edward Murray and Alice Ross in their protean Irish sketch "Terence's Return;" Charles Worley in his amusing specialty "The Cannon-ball Tossers;" Mlle. Paladino, premiere dancer, in G. W. Smith's new ballet of "La Nymph du Bois;" and George S. Knight, who was awarded a cordial reception in his Dutch songs and recitations, and afterwards appeared in the drama of "Karl Kline," in which George Conway and A. H. Denham were also seen to advantage. Mlle. Leontine and John Williams did not close, as announced last week, the last-named, together with the Richmond Sisters and George S. Knight, closing, however, March 31. New faces announced April 2: the Longlois Brothers, Emmerson and Clark, Sam Baylis, and Miss Belle Norton and Mr. W. N. Griffiths in "Forbidden Pleasures."

MLLE. ELISE, a pleasing and popular premiere danseuse, was publicly presented at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, on March 26, with a beautiful basket of flowers.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE ASSOCIATION gave their annual ball at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, March 29.

AT J. C. STEWART'S New Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, "Naughty Belle Florence the Cause of It" continued the most attractive feature during the week ending March 31.

GEORGE L. HALL, the manager of Noonan's Varieties, Philadelphia, caters well for his numerous patrons. Helene Scanlans, Hattie Florence, Agnes Carter, Nellie Harper and William Mercer were the new arrivals March 26. Mlle. Idaletta and Mons. Wallace, Amy Sheridan, Kitty Hunter and Harry Wilber are announced to open April 2.

TONY PASTOR and his troupe open at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, April 2, for one week.

A GOOD ENTERTAINMENT provided at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, during the past week was recognized by liberal patronage. The fresh contributors to the programme were Nellie St. John, the Haleys, the La Verdes and Harry Clifford. Nellie St. John nicely rendered "Perishing in the Snow;" Belle La Verde and Lillie and Minnie La Verde met with encouragement in their respective specialties; the Haleys appeared in acrobatic songs-and-dances; and Harry Clifford as ragged Nell in "Lightning Bob" made a favorable impression. Nellie Flourette, Sophie and Irene Worrell, and Milton Nobles in "The Phœnix" open April 2.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, the new faces last week were Alfredo and Emma Monticello in artrapeze act; Harry Di Venetti as an Indian-club and bar act; Will H. Stowe, with his educated dogs and mystic changes; and Maud Sheppard in serio-comic songs. Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair, and Conway and Kerrigan closed March 31. Charles Diamond, John Cave, Mulligan and Morris, Sellons and Byrnes, Stella Le Grille, Harry Blanchard and Frank Clayton open here April 2.

HARRY ENOCHS, proprietor, and his stage-manager, Lou Frazer, nightly introduce a first-class variety company at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa. Chas. Young in his clever ventriloquism, Lotie Horton and Leotine in fancy dances, Radcliffe and Stewart in their musical sketch "Hard Cheek," Signor Elviro in a very daring trapeze-balancing act, and the concluding sensational sketch of "The Red Garter" were the fresh features presented last week. The Levino Brothers, Billy Hart, Virginia Marshall, and Little Lotta commence engagements here April 2.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, a good company gave satisfaction to large audiences last week, Murphy and Shannon in their Dutch sketches, Ada Stanwood in ballads, and Frank George, comedian, being the new appearances. The La Verde Sisters, Searls, Beggs and Master Heany, Walby and Pearl, Schrode and Morreste, Miss Eugenie Larvelli, Miss Nellie Anson, and L. D. Blondell open here April 2.

AT WILD'S OLYMPIC, Syracuse, N. Y., business has been large. Crumbey and De Forrest, song-and-dance; Miss Lou Sanford, Belle Fairmont, and the Russell Sisters were the chief features. Eloise Allen was taken sick with diphtheria Thursday. Departures March 31: King Sarbro, to Fall River, Mass.; Russell Sisters, Reading, Pa.; Eloise Allen, New York. Arrivals April 2: Simpson Sisters and Allie Hodges.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., the burlesque of "Ernani," well presented by Miss Adah Richmond and her burlesque troupe, opened the bill the past week. The olio introduced Ad. Eyman in a laughable lecture, the Fieldings, Lake Schoolcraft, Pat Rooney and the Big 4, and Reuel Allyn with their Hash-house Business closed. The newcomers April 2 are Cool Burgess, Murphy and Morton, Bonnie Runnells, and Walters, and Morton. Adah Richmond's Burlesque troupe, strengthened by the addition of Mose Pask, is to remain and present "Naughty Dickey."

Miss Priscilla Cooper Goodwyn, the only daughter of the late Mr. Cooper the actor—has accepted the invitation of some of the leading citizens of Philadelphia to give readings at the Amateur Drawing-room, that city, April 6 and 11.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., had a new people the past week, viz.: Mlle. Martha and Millgrom in Irish specialties; Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman, clog-dancers; James Maas in banjo solos; C. H. Yale, comedian and pantomimist; Harry Kennedy, ventriloquist. Billy Turner to reappear April 2.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., Lizzie Richmond, a very clever serio-comic; John Reilley in Irish songs-and-dances; and Burke and Mara in an Irish sketch called "Bold Laddie Bucks" were the new people March 26. Closing 31: Gibson and Raney and John Reilley, to New Haven; and E. J. Gooding, to New York. Eugene Blitz, Hennessey and Brassell, and Mollie De Mar are announced to open April 2.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS desiring engagements at Orchestrion Hall, Detroit, Mich., are requested to address Geo. Edwards, business-manager.

BELLE CRESSY publishes a card thanking managers for offers of engagements, and stating that sickness will prevent her from performing this summer.

JOHN LE CLAIR, who is performing at Heuck's Hall, Cincinnati, O., will be at liberty April 9.

THE MENDELS—Harry and Leonie—state that they do not wish to be confounded with Billy and Ada Mendel, who performed in Indianapolis recently. The first-named Mendels have just closed an engagement at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md.

GEORGE FRANCE played a successful engagement at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., last week, and a letter from Manager W. J. Gilmore, published in another column, speaks very highly of his artistic abilities and of his dramas. Mr. France is engaged this week at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., where managers can address.

AT THE COLISEUM, Erie, Pa., Minnie Gray opened March 26. Annie Rochfort's benefit last week was a success. Manager Fox was presented by Capt. Dunlap on March 24 with a cane made from the keel of the frigate Constitution.

ARTISTS in all branches of the profession are wanted at the Coliseum, Cincinnati, O. See card.

PROF. HYGIEN'S EGYPTIAN MYSTERY will be exhibited at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., until April 21. Managers desiring to produce this sensation are referred to Prof. Hughes' advertisement.

AT HOYT'S LAST SENSATION, Jackson, Mich., the Mozelles, Charles Pete Cannon, Irish comedian; Billy Allen, Chas. Schofield, Harry Aiken, Chas. Wyatt, Ella Aiken, Ada Burnett, Flora Mason, and Minnie Rosedale. Performers are wanted, as per ad.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., travelling combinations can fill time after June 2. Manager H. W. Williams advertises for first-class artists.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., want specialty artists and other performers for traveling companies. They also conduct a collecting agency. See cards.

CARD from Manager Weaver and Stage-manager Goodding of the Adelphi Theatre, Hartford, Ct., highly recommending the dancing of Gibson and Raney, pedestal-plog and jig dancers, who have been among the attractions at that house, is published in another column.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS and other performers are invited at the Fourth-avenue Theatre, Pittsburg. See advertisement.

THE ATTENDANCE at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., the past week was only fair. The new arrivals and main attractions of the week were Howard Dorr and son, gymnasts; John D. Kelley, who performs solos on a variety of instruments, C. S. Rogers and wife disappointed the manager. Departures March 31: Homer and Holly, to Ivy City; Eva Whitney, to Chicago; and Donnelly and Drew, no engagement. The Homers—Billy and Jennie—Minnie Rainforth, Frankie Lee, Emma Ferro, Jennie McLean, Laura Floyd, Charles O. Nelson and M. A. Griffin are announced for April 2. Sergeant Childers, formerly lightning-driflist, now engaged in delivering temperance lectures at that vicinity.

JOHNNY ROACH, Irish and general vocalist, now performing at the Theatre Comique, this city, can be engaged after May 1. See card.

DEN THOMPSON'S COMBINATION is to show in Jeannsport, Ind., April 3, Fort Wayne 4, 5, and Grand Rapids, Mich., 6, 7.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., notwithstanding it was Holy Week, business proved excellent. The chief attractions were John Carl in banjo-solos, the Sawyer Family of Bellringers, Fanny Reynolds in songs, the Carrolls in "The McFaddens," and A. W. Sawyer on musical glasses, the performance concluding with a drama called "Wide-awake." Closing March 31: John Carl, to Washington, D. C.; Sawyer Family and Fanny Reynolds to New York. Billed for April 2: The California Minstrels, including John Wild and Fayette Welch, the Eldorado Quartet, Lisa Weber Combination, Murphy and Shannon, and R. G. Allen.....At the New Central Theatre, Master Martin, the Lynn Sisters, the Hassan Sisters, and the pantomime of "Jocko," with Little Mac as Jocko, were the features. Departure March 31: Fernando Fleury and Master Martin, no engagement; Jas. Rooney and the Hassan Sisters to Pittsburg, Pa. To open April 2: Richmond Sisters, Jas. S. and Kitty Edwards, Mons. Geroux and Mlle. Adelaide.....At the Odeon, Chas. Vincent and Addie and Georgie Morrell were the new people. Departures 31: Walter Wentworth, to Philadelphia, Pa.; Dody Zanfretta, to Rochester, N. Y.; Bell Cushing and Blanche Rosecelle, to Norfolk, Va.; Harry and Leon Mendel, to Erie, Pa. To open April 2: Tim Morris, Mons. Redlin, Frankie Howard and Harry Stanwood.....The Kernan Brothers have commenced the erection of a Summer-garden theatre on a lot bordering on Jones' Falls, and fronting on Plowman street, immediately in rear of their theatre. The new building will be 62 feet front by 119 feet in depth, constructed of framework, and roofed with canvas, with a seating capacity of 1,000. The seats are to be all velvet-cushioned chairs. The stage is to be 30x32 feet in the clear, fitted up with new scenery. The garden and theatre will be connected by a covered bridge spanning Plowman street, elevated about 30 feet above the street. The only entrance for their patrons will be on Baltimore street, passing through the theatre-saloon. The cost of the new building is estimated at about $5,000. Letter of March 31.

THE COMPANY at the Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week consisted of the Rollin Howard Combination in the burlesque of "Yeast Lynne;" Harvey and Mackey, songs-and-dances; Amanda Archer, vocal selections; Marie Sherman, balladist; Tom Martin, songs-and-dances; Ed. Hillier, character-songs; and Quinlan and Ryan. Departures 31: Harvey and Mackey, to Chicago; Rollin Howard Combination, to New York. To open April 2: The Zanfretta Troupe and the Virginia Quartet.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., Gangero's Royal Japanese Troupe, Sheppard and Witney, and Miss Annie Fox were the new attractions introduced March 26. The Japs do a number of feats (scattered about in the olio) of a most wonderful character. Qui Taro in his slide for life ascends a rope stretched from the dome of the theatre to the stage, and, standing erect, slides the whole length with great rapidity. Thomas Gangero's manipulations of a bottle in a box are ludicrous in the extreme, the bottle appearing to be endowed with life and action. The Cawthorne children enjoy repeated encores nightly. Miss Hilda Thomas, the debutante of last week, is a beautiful and highly cultivated soprano voice, added to a graceful person and manner. The dramatic part of the bill was filled by "Hunted Down," a version of "The Shaughraun." For April 1 Matt Morgan's Statue Troupe and Fannie and Imogene Kent are billed. Letter of March 31.

MATT MORGAN'S STATUE TROUPE appeared at Wheeler's Opera-house, Toledo, O., March 26, to a small house, but made a fine display. The remainder of the week was put in at the Theatre Comique, and they were the only fresh arrivals. Closing 31: Statues, to Indianapolis; Prof. Wiggins, to Detroit; also Gracie May. To open April 2: Mlle. Etta, Three Byrons, Young Alton, Edna Wellington, and Little Estelle and Conners and Kelly. Wm. Dunn, cornetist, was presented with a nine-pound girl March 22, by his wife, professionally known as Miss Lulu Brooks.....At the Adelphi, the new people 26 were Harry and Mary Thompson in Dutch specialties, and Tom Dillon in negro acts. Opening April 2: Gangero's Japs, Millie Maretta, Lou Howard, Annie Rattelle, Tommy Dayton, Miss Rosefield, John Cassidy and J. E. Whitfield.....C. L. Banks and Wash. Antonio are to open a variety theatre at Bay City, Mich., April 2. Letter of March 31.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to March 30 is as appended: "Julian Kent, Mrs. Julian Kent, and Lew and Pauline Parker were the new appearances at the National Theatre Comique 25, and Lucy Forrester was re-engaged for one week. Mr. and Mrs. Kent appeared to advantage in their sensation drama 'Wild Bill,' Mrs. Kent being also a neat danseuse. The Ethiopian sketches of the Parkers took immensely. Business quite fair. Departures 31: Edgell and Eldridge, Lou Howard, Gussie McCain, Lucy Forrester, and John Morrissey. Opening April 1: Milton Jaspers, Erba Robeson, and others.....Minnie Vernon, vocalist; Burton Stanley, female impersonator; Mons. Alex. Blandowski's 'Baba' Ballet Troupe, six in number; Nellie Thorne, serio-comic; Huber and Glidden, 'oyster-can mokes;' and the Sherwood Sisters, vocalists, were the additions at the Coliseum here March 25. Business large. Departures 31: Eugene Family, to Detroit, and Burton Stanley, Boston. Opening: 1 Cooper Brothers, Lulu Francis, and Frank Gibbons.....At Heuck's Hall the new faces March 25 were the Salart Brothers, double-bar performers; John Le Clair, juggler; Landis Brothers, song-and-dance on parlor-skates; and John F. Ince, stump-orator. Emma Brenham was billed, but failed to appear. Business good. Departures 31: St. Felix Sisters, for St. Louis; Jas. S. and Katie Edwards, for Baltimore. Opening: Bobby Newcomb, Larry Tooley, Den Howe, and Lizzie Shelton.....Ida Hayden, danseuse, was new at the Winter Garden this week. Hensley and Benson close 31. Opening 1: Petrie and Fish. Clarence Boyd and Ike McDaniels. No changes at the Eldorado."

SERGEANT W. H. L. HAMILTON, Zouave drillist, was presented by his wife on March 27 with a boy.

A CABLE-MESSAGE from the Orrin Brothers, in Havana, Cuba, informs us that their company opened there Sunday, April 1, to $3,200.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Harry J. Clapham, performed in Wheeling, W. Va., March 27, to a good-sized audience. The first part introduced Matt Wheeler and Geo. Wilson on the ends, and C. M. Bassett as interlocutor. The Dixon, Wm. Welling, H. W. Roe and J. Rapier sang to advantage. Master Barney in his jig and Dutch characters was well received. Primrose and West are capital song-and-dance men. Geo. Wilson as "Brown the Tragedian" made a hit. Matt Wheeler's stump-speech created enthusiasm. The olio was performed in Zanesville, O., 28; Chillicothe 29, Columbus 30, Indianapolis, Ind., 31, and are billed in Muncie April 2, Lafayette 3, Paris, Ill., 4, Terre Haute, Ind., 5, Henderson, Ky., 6, and Evansville, Ind., 7. T. B. Dixon joined the troupe in Washington, Pa., March 26. Harry Farmer and Imogene Kent are billed. Letter of March 31.

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NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Harry J. Clapham, performed in Wheeling, W. Va., March 27, to a good-sized audience. The first part introduced Matt Wheeler and Geo. Wilson on the ends, and C. M. Bassett as interlocutor. The Dixon, Wm. Welling, H. W. Roe and J. Rapier sang to advantage. Master Barney in his jig and Dutch characters was well received. Primrose and West are capital song-and-dance men. Geo. Wilson as "Brown the Tragedian" made a hit. Matt Wheeler's stump-speech created enthusiasm. The olio was performed in Zanesville, O., 28; Chillicothe 29, Columbus 30, Indianapolis, Ind., 31, and are billed in Muncie April 2, Lafayette 3, Paris, Ill., 4, Terre Haute, Ind., 5, Henderson, Ky., 6, and Evansville, Ind., 7. T. B. Dixon joined the troupe in Washington, Pa., March 26. Harry Farmer and Imogene Kent are billed. Letter of March 31.

MATT MORGAN'S STATUE TROUPE appeared at Wheeler's Opera-house, Toledo, O., March 26, to a small house, but made a fine display. The remainder of the week was put in at the Theatre Comique, and they were the only fresh arrivals. Closing 31: Statues, to Indianapolis; Prof. Wiggins, to Detroit; also Gracie May. To open April 2: Mlle. Etta, Three Byrons, Young Alton, Edna Wellington, and Little Estelle and Conners and Kelly. Wm. Dunn, cornetist, was presented with a nine-pound girl March 22, by his wife, professionally known as Miss Lulu Brooks.....At the Adelphi, the new people 26 were Harry and Mary Thompson in Dutch specialties, and Tom Dillon in negro acts. Opening April 2: Gangero's Japs, Millie Maretta, Lou Howard, Annie Rattelle, Tommy Dayton, Miss Rosefield, John Cassidy and J. E. Whitfield.....C. L. Banks and Wash. Antonio are to open a variety theatre at Bay City, Mich., April 2. Letter of March 31.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to March 30 is as appended: "Julian Kent, Mrs. Julian Kent, and Lew and Pauline Parker were the new appearances at the National Theatre Comique 25, and Lucy Forrester was re-engaged for one week. Mr. and Mrs. Kent appeared to advantage in their sensation drama 'Wild Bill,' Mrs. Kent being also a neat danseuse. The Ethiopian sketches of the Parkers took immensely. Business quite fair. Departures 31: Edgell and Eldridge, Lou Howard, Gussie McCain, Lucy Forrester, and John Morrissey. Opening April 1: Milton Jaspers, Erba Robeson, and others.....Minnie Vernon, vocalist; Burton Stanley, female impersonator; Mons. Alex. Blandowski's 'Baba' Ballet Troupe, six in number; Nellie Thorne, serio-comic; Huber and Glidden, 'oyster-can mokes;' and the Sherwood Sisters, vocalists, were the additions at the Coliseum here March 25. Business large. Departures 31: Eugene Family, to Detroit, and Burton Stanley, Boston. Opening: 1 Cooper Brothers, Lulu Francis, and Frank Gibbons.....At Heuck's Hall the new faces March 25 were the Salart Brothers, double-bar performers; John Le Clair, juggler; Landis Brothers, song-and-dance on parlor-skates; and John F. Ince, stump-orator. Emma Brenham was billed, but failed to appear. Business good. Departures 31: St. Felix Sisters, for St. Louis; Jas. S. and Katie Edwards, for Baltimore. Opening: Bobby Newcomb, Larry Tooley, Den Howe, and Lizzie Shelton.....Ida Hayden, danseuse, was new at the Winter Garden this week. Hensley and Benson close 31. Opening 1: Petrie and Fish. Clarence Boyd and Ike McDaniels. No changes at the Eldorado."

SERGEANT W. H. L. HAMILTON, Zouave drillist, was presented by his wife on March 27 with a boy.

A CABLE-MESSAGE from the Orrin Brothers, in Havana, Cuba, informs us that their company opened there Sunday, April 1, to $3,200.

CIRCUSES.

Montgomery, Queen's California Menagerie, Caravan and Double Circus.

THE PROPRIETOR AND OFFICERS for the coming season are as follows: P. T. Barnum, proprietor and director; Queen; manager—K. D. Colvin; treasurer—Geo. S. Cole; general-agent—J. E. Warner; contracting agent—Eugene A. Weiler; press-agent—Claude Williams; equestrian director—Jas. E. Cooke; master of ring—Wm. Organ; superintendent of menagerie—J. C. White; master of canvas—Harry Hise, with Robt. Purvis and J. Logan as assistants; veterinary surgeon and in charge of stock—H. S. Strickland; leader of brass band and orchestra—J. A. Emily; charge of baggage—C. Ballou; superintendent of Barnum's Hotel—R. B. Smith; chandeliers—Ed. Kunard; properties—Chas. Shields; wardrobe—J. Stoner; chief of detective force—Chas. Stone; paste-brigade—Happy Dave Holbrook, chief; John Gardner, Geo. Baldwin, Frank Rynders, F. D. Wetzel, Geo. Davis, John Sutton, and Dwight Ensign, billposters; W. S. Chatterton—lithographer and programmer; Geo. S. Cole and E. D. Colvin—proprietors of concert; Matt Rice—candy peddler. There will be no sideshows, and selling on seats will not be permitted.

CLOWNS.—Jas. E. Cooke, Kennebel Bros. (3), and Sam Rinehart.

SCHOOLCRAFT & COES have organized a company of twenty artists, which, under the name of Schoolcraft & Coes' Minstrels, will open in Lawrence, Mass., April 2. They propose to make a tour of New England, and then go West and South, appearing in Boston after their provincial tour.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, with Bob Height, who has never appeared in Boston, commence a brief season in Beethoven Hall, in that city, April 2.

MILT. G. BARLOW made his first appearance with Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels, Philadelphia, March 24, singing "Gabriel's Trumpet" in the end in the first-part, and doing his old-darky specialties in the olio.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, who closed their season at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, March 26, appeared at Norristown March 27, Reading 28, and Lancaster 29.

CAL. WILD'S MINSTRELS showed to good business in Canton, O., March 29, and are billed in Upper Sandusky April 2, Bucyrus 3, Crestline 4, Galion 5, Delaware 6, Columbus 7, and Newark 9. S. Draper is acting as business-manager.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTELS are to show in Chillicothe, O., April 2, Columbus 3, Wheeling, W. Va., 4, 5, Pittsburg, Pa., 6, 7, Johnstown 9, Altoona 10, Lockhaven 11, Williamsport 12, Pottsville 13, Harrisburg 14.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Billy Emerson, open New Chicago (Ill.) Theatre April 2. Performers are requested to write for engagements. Charles Heywood, prima-donna, joined the troupe March 28.

WASH. NORTON, who states that he is engaged until further notice with Emerson's Minstrels, is very favorably noticed by Cincinnati, O., journals. See extracts in another column.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS performed in the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—For season, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measures, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of ENGAGEMENTS, 25 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
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FOR 1877

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CHARACTER ACTOR AND COMEDIAN.
READ THE FOLLOWING RECOMMENDATIONS AS TO ABILITY, ETC.

MR. BARRETT, who is a very talented comedian, has been under my management during this season, and given the utmost satisfaction.—J. H. HAVERLY.

Really a gifted young comedian, who does not resort to vulgarity, and whose "make-up" and conception of every character is artistic. Would rather have him than any stock comedian I ever had in my employ.—EDWIN CLIFFORD.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1874.

Has been my first comedian since the commencement of the present season; and I take great pleasure in saying that I have always found him prompt, perfect, and painstaking.—JAMES F. SHERRY.

APRIL 29, 1 72.

MR. BARRETT has been under my management for the last thirteen months. He is a good comedian, a fine character actor, and possesses much versatility. He is strictly temperate and entirely reliable.—D. HANCHETT.

JULY 10, 1 7 .

MR. EDWARD BARRETT has played the part of Gre po in "The Black Crook" for the past twelve weeks, and m de himself a favorite wherever he appeared. I heartily recommend him to any manager requiring a fi class low comedian. PALMER & CO., Manager .

GEO. H. HERBERT, Stage-manager.

NOTE.—MR. EDWARD BARRETT has resumed his o name, and is no longer known as Edward Barry.

Address all letters until May 1 to
EDWARD BARRETT,
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FOND DU LAC, WIS., Dec. 2, 1876.
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Historical catalogues and circulars may be had from MR. GIBSON, 29 BROADWAY, New York.
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CONTINUED SUCCESS OF SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S
ORIGINAL GEORGIA MINSTRELS.
This troupe will continue to travel during the entire Summer without vacation.
The following flattering notices, copied from some of the principal Western dailies, speak of this, their second visit to that country this season:
THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS.—Notwithstanding the snow and rain yesterday and the disagreeable weather last night, the Georgia Minstrels played to the best audience that has assembled in Tootle's Opera-house since the occasion of their last visit. The Georgians have lost none of their merit since their last appearance here; in fact, the new programme is in many respects superior to the old one, while the boys are just as full of music and of mirth as they have ever been. There is a popular belief which ought to be dispelled—that when a person has seen one minstrel performance he has seen them all. Unless one has witnessed the performances of the Georgia Minstrels, no matter how many others may have been seen and admired, he has no conception of the superiority of this troupe over their many imitators. While each member of the company may be classed as a good card, there are a few who are justly entitled to rank as the kings of trumps. Among these may be mentioned Taylor Green, John Wilson, Charles Delaney, and Charles Buck, whose drawing-room concert is superlatively grand. "The Old Home Ain't What it Used to Be," by John Mack, would bring tears to the eyes of an Irish lemon; while the antics of the burlesque quartet (Wonzer, Mack, Washington, and Brown) are calculated to make a coffin-peddler howl.—ST. JOSEPH GAZETTE, March 21, 1877.
THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS.—This fine troupe gave one of their side-splitting performances in the Opera-house last evening to a crowded house. The hall was filled, and the minstrels were greeted with rounds of applause at each outburst of humorous originality. The troupe is composed of genuine plantation darkies, and some of the best clog-dancers in the country. There are many excellent minstrels in this troupe, among which are Green, Wilson, Delaney and Buck. The trio-clog by Delaney, Green, and Buck was one of the most perfect specimens of clog that was ever witnessed in Des Moines. Wilson is immense as a comedian, and Neil Moore is excellent. The singing was very good and very pleasing to the audience. All in all, the troupe is hard to beat.—DES MOINES STATE REGISTER, Feb. 19.
THE RIB-SPLITTERS.—The Georgia Minstrels have come and gone, and those of our citizens who attended their performances were well repaid, in fact, it was an unrivaled drawing-room concert, each and every one entering into the performance with the sole desire to please their audience; and they succeeded admirably, if cheers and laughter and stamping from a crowded house are any indication. Delaney, Wilson, Green and Mack are immense, while Moore, Buck and Washington are not one whit behind any one who ever shook a clog. W. C. Harris, one of the champion violinists of the day, executed some of his choicest selections, which were received with great applause. The entire programme was carried out to the letter, and the favorites will always be welcomed by the amusement lovers of the Railroad Centre.—ATCHISON CHAMPION, March 20. 2-1t*

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